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THE OLD PARISH

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BY

DORAN HURLEY



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THE OLD PARISH

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When I, myself, think of the Old Parish, I think of the play of light from stained glass windows upon my mother's amethyst rosary as I leaned against her sealskin sacque at Mass; of trudging up and down the church aisles in the wake of Aunt Kate as she said her Stations; of the pleasing aroma of the incense when Aunt Lena took me to Benediction; of Aunt Ann's poignantly sweet voice floating down from the choir loft in the *Pie Jesu*; of Aunt Bessie's radiance as, in heavy white satin and filmy veils, she turned from the altar at her nuptial Mass; of Aunt Minnie, as a young mother, showing me how her baby could make the Sign of the Cross; of the lovely calm of Aunt Margaret's face when I would meet her by the statue of the Virgin in the churchyard coming from night prayers – this book then could have but one dedication

To my Mother and my Aunts.

The author wishes to express his sincere thanks to the Reverend John Forest Loviner, O.F.M., and to the Reverend Daniel J. Lord, S.J., for their permission, so graciously given, to include in this book stories that have appeared respectively in *The Franciscan* and *The Queen's Work*; and to the Reverend Francis X. Talbot, S.J., editor of *America*, for his interest and encouragement in the telling of the tales of the Old Parish and its people. Needless to say – although I am sorry to say it – the Old Parish and its people are absolutely fictional; for while many parishes akin to it undoubtedly exist, they have never held these mythical people.

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THE OLD PARISH

HE OLD PARISH rests placidly on the elm-shaded streets of the New England city of Millington. Millington itself lies on no known map — a grievous fault of the cartographers, for its residents, particularly in the Old Parish, would be quick to tell you, in the words of Saint Paul, that they are citizens of no mean city. And that, although it may be small in population as compared to New York or London or the gay capital of France with its millions engaged in dancing and drinking light wines, yet in the words of great Daniel Webster, there are those who love it. Not to be irrelevant nor frivolous in the French manner, Mrs. Patrick Crowley's father heard Daniel Webster the time he delivered the Fourth of July Oration in Millington. So far back, at least, go the Old Parish memories; for that was in old Father Sullivan's day when the little wooden church stood in Charity Lane, and John Fenwick in Boston was bishop of a diocese that included all of New England.

I speak of these things because the proudest boast

of the Old Parish is its complete and absolute Americanism. The lads — like the Pope's Johnny Sullivan — who adjusted their forage caps and shouldered their muskets and marched away to Antietam and Bull Run and Gettysburg in the War Between the States, subscribed with all their hearts to the inscription on the banner of the Massachusetts Ninth Regiment — the Irish Ninth: Thy Sons by Adoption, Thy Firm Supporters and Defenders from Duty, Affection and Choice.

When the boys of the Old Parish stormed the heights of San Juan hill with Colonel Teddy or, raked by murderous Spanish fire, lifted the cables and hacked away unconcernedly in Cienfuegos harbor, they were no longer sons by adoption, but sons by birth; and their sons' right at Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne to sing of the "land where my fathers died," no man could question.

In all three major wars — and in the earlier Mexican War, as well as in the Indian fighting when the West was opened — the Old Parish has more than played its part. For its men came of "The Fighting Race," and the Sullivans, the Harringtons and the Sheas of the Old Parish, with the Kellys and the Burkes, freely offered their lives for their country and its flag.

That is why, perhaps, when I think of the Old Parish in terms of our national holidays, I think of it

always in relation to Memorial Day. Decoration Day, we are more prone to call it in our New England idiom. Christmas and Easter are, of course, our great church festival days; but I speak now in terms of the parish, rather than of the church which is its heart, of the parish secular rather than of the parish religious. I say religious advisedly, for the very essence of the Old Parish, at all times, is its spirituality.

That sense of closeness to things spiritual is never so apparent as on Decoration Day. In the Old Parish we are close to our dead. In fact throughout the year, when the weather is at all pleasant, our idea of a weekly outing — on Sunday, our only free day — is "to take a ride up to the cemetery." And on Decoration Day all of the cemeteries where lie our sacred dead are, literally, packed. "You never saw such crowds," we all say as we come away, our arms free now of the great bunches of purple lilacs and crimson rambler roses that we had brought for the adornment of our graves.

The cemetery on Decoration Day is a great meeting-place. And it is characteristic, I think, of the roots of our Americanism to have Mrs. Patrick Crowley complain to me, as she did last year, that, whereas in the oldest of our Catholic burial grounds she had met people who "had come back from all over, from everywhere you could think of, out of town, sons and daughters of real old settlers that it would do your

heart good to see again and ask for their people" ; in the new Saint John's cemetery (new is a relative term in the Old Parish — this cemetery is surely forty years old) for all the crowds, she did not see a soul she knew, except those who might be buried there. She summed it up rather neatly, I thought, in her proud affirmation that *her* people dated back to the old Bears' Den burial ground. The connotation in her mind between newly dead and newly rich was apparent. I am afraid, in our deep sense of our Americanism we have little true sympathy in the Old Parish for "Johnny-come-latelys."

That sense of the past is merged with our disrespect for time. The theory of relativity was known in the Old Parish long before Dr. Einstein's pronouncement of it. Our present pastor has been our shepherd for over a dozen years. We still speak of him as the new pastor, and think of him still — after twelve years, and although he may sign himself permanent rector or irremoveable parish priest — as a mere temporary substitute for the man we loved so dearly, and of whom we speak fondly as the old pastor. Nor is it likely, as the years roll on, that we will change our custom of speaking of him as the "new" pastor. Mrs. Patrick Crowley has moments of thinking that it is hardly respectful to speak of him that way to members of other parishes ; but her only hopeful solution of the problem is that the Holy Father

may see fit to make him a domestic prelate. Mrs. Crowley would be tickled to death to be able to speak of him as Monsignor. She feels that such a distinction would give the parish quite an extra tone.

The Old Parish is, in our city's parlance, the "below the hill parish." But "below the hill" has not with us the connotation of "beyond the tracks." Our city started below the hill which rises above it to the east; for it was on the flats by the bay that Andrew McLear, the weaver, spread his first webs of linen to bleach in the warm New England sun; and it was the waterfall at the foot of the river that tumbles down the hill into the bay that provided the power for the first looms that were not hand operated. It was about the falls of the river and close to the bay that our early New England village snuggled. As time passed, great mansions with porte-cocheres and mansard roofs took the place of the prim, clapboarded New England houses; six and eight tenement blocks sprang up to be superseded later by what we call two- and three-family houses of great middle class respectability. The trend of the city was to the hills at the east, but below the hill still remains a pleasantly residential section. We have no slums in Millington, nor any grouping of completely poverty-stricken families — no Cabbage Patch nor Goat Hill. The poor we have always with us; even among the most dignified and aristocratic of us in the

Old Parish, proud as peacocks of our ancestral heritage, there are all too few so fortunate as "to own property." But poverty never bothered us ; we care little for outward show. "Hoops and no flour in the house" is an expression of disdain for foolish display that has come down to us from our grandmothers. When hoopskirts were "in," the price of a new farthingale was never, with us, stolen from the family housekeeping budget. We had our barrel of flour, our barrel of sugar and our jug of New Orleans molasses safely tucked away in the "kitchen closet," before we went down street on Friday night shopping for fol-de-rols. And in old Father Sullivan's day woe to the maiden he saw hitching and backing her crinoline into a pew before Mass if she had nothing but pennies for the box when it came time for him to stalk up and down the aisles taking up the collection.

So, although some of the lighter-headed among our former parishioners may have left us to move "up on the Hill," we do not in the least envy them their rawly new Cape Cod cottages, their Provençal farmhouses nor their Spanish-y stucco villas. They provide us, indeed, with much quiet mirth. We quickly recall with delighted amusement remarks that have come back to us such as that of Dan Tuttle's wife, Beatrice — Beatrice, how are you? — when she boasted of the new Norwegian Romanesque-Renaissance chateau that Dan had built for her. "I have

fifty-five lamps on the first floor alone," said B. proudly to Mrs. Patrick Crowley. "Light enough to see to read by," said Mrs. Crowley, very blandly, in turn to Maria Killoran. "Too bad she never learned." We are humble in the Old Parish ; but we will not be sat upon. We have been in the world too long for that. We are too conscious of our own long background not to be able to prick — with a sharp pin from the cushion of our memories — anyone who tries to "come over us" any false pretentions to importance.

The Old Parish is the mother of parishes of our diocese. Just as Bishop Cheverus and Bishop Fenwick once were diocesans of all New England from Connecticut to the farthest tip of Maine, so old Father Sullivan, whom the elders among us remember well, was in his day pastor of a parish that now has a quarter of a hundred thriving churches. Our own parish church still stands as a memorial to him. It is a modest church, its gray granite from our own Millington quarries wrapped now in masses of green ivy ; but the finger of its steeple has pointed the way to God now for nearly a hundred years. It is hard to imagine now, too, that — ninety odd years ago we were certain in the Old Parish that this new church building, upon which Father Sullivan was so insistent, would be a white elephant. He was planning it too big entirely ; in Rome of the Popes itself, it would

take hard filling to pack a church like that; was he wise to do it; back home in Ireland any churches built so big the Protestants come in and took them; it is hard to see where your five cents and my five cents will ever get such a church paid for; he must be surer than we are now, indeed, that the streets of America are paved with gold; such a big church is all out of proportion. So the Old Parish complained. A new church, yes; the little wooden chapel with its built-out sacristy had grown too small, for the years of the Famine had brought Irish Catholics to Millington on every wave of the sea; but such a monster of a church — wisha, musha!

Nevertheless the word of the priest was the law of the parish. Especially of such a priest as Father Sullivan, whose favorite text, the Pope's Johnny Sullivan used to say, chuckling, was: With my rod and my staff will I comfort you. Alfred Perceval Graves' Father O'Flynn was not the only priest capable of "lickin' the lazy ones on wid his stick." So the men of the Old Parish, after their day's hard labor in linen mill and factory, by bench or lathe, or in the ditches and roadways, labored long and willingly into the night, digging the foundations for the church that is now our pride. The craftsmen of the Middle Ages may have had more skilled hands, but neither Rheims nor Chartres rose on more prayerful foundations than our Old Parish church; and the quiet

calm twilight of its interior, with the ivy leaves making silhouettes of shadow on the stained glass of its windows, brings all the peace and all the beauty that Henry Adams ever found abroad.

It was not to the present gray edifice that Father Theobald Mathew, the Capuchin, came as the Apostle of Temperance in 1849, but to the old clapboarded frame chapel. Father Mathew's memory still lingers in the Old Parish, however, and it is not too long since there were still men with us who took the total abstinence pledge at his hands — and never broke it. The Old Parish has seen its share of famous men. From the Ireland of our fathers, Michael Davitt and John Redmond have come to us, pleading the cause of Ireland. Eamon De Valera, An Taoirseach now of Eire, has kneeled within our sanctuary on the prie-dieu and beneath the bishop's canopy that the old pastor erected to give his own recognition to "the President of the Republic of Ireland by the people established" when that recognition was held back by the nations of the world. And Mary McSwiney has said her rosary within its walls with all of us in the pews behind her saying ours for the repose of the soul of her martyred brother.

The great and saintly Cardinal of the Belgiums on his way to Providence to be awarded a degree of honor by Brown University, stopped his car and halted his escort as he passed through our Old Parish

streets to enter our church and say a little prayer. Our own great American James Cardinal Gibbons, prelate and patriot, has said Mass at our church altar. And although no President of the United States has yet occupied one of our pews, the sculptured figure on the crucifix above our altar has looked down, compassionately, upon the only man the Old Parish was ever unanimous in thinking should hold that office and add to its glory. Governors of the Commonweal, Senators, and Representatives to the Congress, are something we just take in our stride ; they have grown as common to us as the daisies in our meadows.

The Old Parish has known great joy and great sadness. In that, too, it has been close to the life of the country. The dolorous tolling of the Gabriel bell for those who died in the influenza epidemic of 1918 re-echoed in the hearts of those among us who had lost fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers in the cholera epidemic of 1854. The glad tidings of the Armistice in the World War were but a repetition of the joy of many of us when we heard that Lee had surrendered to Grant, and that Admiral Dewey had won the battle of Manila Bay. It meant in the fairly immediate present, as in the past, that now our Johnny would — thank God — come marching home again.

We are a neighborly people in the Old Parish. Fifty years ago we may have had a too rigid insularity,

but it was superadded to our own natural friendliness by circumstance. As, at first, we found our Yankee neighbors drawn apart from us in a clannishness that we could not penetrate, we also in turn held ourselves to a certain reserve when newer-comers than we arrived in the city. We had become, I freely admit, rather suspicious of "foreigners," so far had we taken on the coating of those Puritan "foreigners" who had arrived a few boats ahead of ourselves. But it was a state of mind that did not last long. The thrifty habitants who came from Trois Rivières and Ste. Hyacinthe to follow us in linen mills and gingham factories soon commended themselves to us wholeheartedly. The men were gay, lighthearted and jolly, characteristics of our own men ; the women were as devout, as equally paragons of housewifeliness as our own Maria Killoran or Mrs. Patrick Crowley. "You could eat off their floors," was the high tribute paid the spotless cleanliness of their houses by our women, who had rapidly made their own the New England maxim that cleanliness is next to godliness.

So, too, with the gentle Portuguese who came to us from the Azores, the Isles of the Falcons, lured to our shores by the tales they heard the whaling men tell when the barks from Bradford would draw in to São Miguel or Terceira for water and fresh provisions. Father Silva, pastor for long years of our neighbor

Portuguese church of Ecce Homo, was — it is our firm opinion freely given — all but a saint. You could not help but love Father Silva ; and he of his nobility — of heart as well as of birth — drew us ever closer to his people in understanding and affection. Patrick O'Leary or Terence O'Sullivan of the Old Parish may head as commander our Millington post of the American Legion, but the post proudly bears the name of João da Costa Oliveira, former altar boy at the Church of Ecce Homo, the first Millington boy to be killed in action in the World War. And we of the Old Parish are proud, indeed, that young João, whom we knew well, is so honored. In João racial lines burst apart. He was a Catholic ; he was one of our own ; just as much as the Pope's Johnny Sullivan who helped General Grant win the Civil War, or Matt McLoughlin of the Old Parish who won the Congressional Medal of Honor at the Cienfuegos cable-cutting in the war with Spain.

The sturdy Poles who came among us — our neighbors to the west, as the Portuguese are to the north — had a common bond with us from the first. Poland and Ireland, we agreed, were the Niobes among nations. We had learned in our school books that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell" ; we found at once that Jan Wadislavski and Stanislas Poljiewski could quote Robert Emmet's Speech in the Dock as creditably as we. And rotund, always

smiling, little Father Krasnowski halted every member of the Old Parish he met on the street during Easter Week of 1916 to inquire anxiously what we thought might be the fate of his compatriot-by-marriage, Madame the Countess Markievics.

We are a plain and a simple people. We have our pride, but it is a decent pride in decent things. We are proud of our Faith and proud of our ancestral heritage, and proud that we are Americans. We are still somewhat insular in our New Englandism. We are rather proud of being Yankee Irish ; but the tendrils of the vine we planted in the early years of the last century have stretched far across the country. Our relatives and friends were in many of the canvas-topped wagons that creaked heavily out across the prairies when the West was opened. The Douay version of the Bible and the rosary were clasped to the breasts of our kinfolk when the wagons were encircled by Indians ; nor should anyone think for a moment that the plains were crossed to the tune of "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," alone. The *De Profundis* and the *Dies Irae* have been intoned over many lonely, and now forgotten graves on the great prairie ; and "Holy God We Praise Thy Name" has rung out jubilantly when many a danger was past. We had 'Forty-Niners in the Old Parish, men who crossed the plains and men who went by way of the Isthmus. We still can tell you of the wreck of the

Golden Horn; of the Arapahoes and the Ogallah Sioux; of the nailed-fast stage doors on the pony express; of Colon and Fort Laramie; of General Custer and of Admiral Perry opening Japan to the world. There are — or have recently been — men and women among us who knew these things and saw those men at first hand.

If you asked me point blank what our Old Parish stands for, the answer would be simple: our Church and our homes. The home still lives in the Old Parish. The sound of the nightly rosary, the sweeping and the dusting, and the Saturday cleaning and scouring, the smell of flavorsome bread baking, and roasts stewing in their crackling juices — all these things have consecrated our houses as homes. Our parish is a community of sterling housewives and superb cooks. Brillat-Savarin would not be considered clever enough by Mrs. Patrick Crowley, the Old Lady Cahill or Maria Killoran, to be allowed to do anything but put on the water for the tea. And I know that when Hercules finished cleaning the Augean stables, a demon against dust like Mrs. Crowley would send him peremptorily back to do the job over.

But our church is, of course, the heart of the Old Parish, as our Faith is its soul. The year is not marked to us by the procession of months on the calendar, but by the feasts and fasts of Holy Mother

Church. Advent, Christmas, the Feast of the Circumcision, Candlemas Day and Saint Blaise's Day, Saint Patrick's Day, Ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent, Holy Week and then Easter, the Feast of the Ascension, Pentecost and Trinity Sunday, the Feast of the Assumption, All Saints', and All Souls' Day, Advent again and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. We secure our blessed candles on the Feast of the Purification and have our throats blessed the next day. Our foreheads all bear their blob of ash on the Wednesday that opens Lent; and we make a point of visiting seven churches on our Holy Thursday pilgrimage to the Blessed Sacrament. We delight in the fairy-like charm of our daughters in snowy white and filmy, smilax-wreathed veils when the statue of Our Lady in the churchyard is crowned at the end of the May procession. It is our pious belief that there is a "cure in the water" on Assumption Day; and nothing any theologian may say could convince us differently. We go to Mass for our dead on All Souls' Day and bow our heads to pray for their eternal rest when the Gabriel bell sounds the nightly *Memento Mori* in November. At Christmas we are very apt to take to ourselves the permission given our priests to say three Masses, and to attend three ourselves in turn; and after each Mass and throughout the days until the Feast of the Epiphany, to visit the Crib and wonder all over

again of the Miracle that happened in the manger nineteen hundred years ago.

We sound too good to be true, perhaps, in the Old Parish, but I have not told the half of it. As a matter of fact we are all too human, filled with human frailties and gifted with no superhuman virtues. We are very plain people, please God ; and although we have our troubles and to spare, we manage to get a laugh out of life at that. A smile never hurt anybody yet, is a saying of ours. May the stories of the Old Parish in the following pages bring you who read them helpful smiles. I know they cannot be hurtful. Laity and gaiety rhyme well ; not that the clergy cannot "be Irishmen, too."

THE POPE'S JOHNNY SULLIVAN



S I WALKED through the Old Parish coming home from watching the parade last Memorial Day, I was more than surprised as I neared Paddy Dailey's little barbershop on St. Mary's Street to see the doors open wide, and — what is more — one man after another step from the ranks of the strollers ahead of me and go into the shop.

Surely, thought I, something must be up, something very strange. Paddy, I knew well, was secretary of the Master Barber's Association and a very strong union man. He would never keep open on a holiday. Indeed, tolerant and easy-going as he was about most things, he was adamant about his hours of work. Just as soon as the hands of the clock started to point anywhere near closing time, he would begin, first to hum, then to chant the words — significantly — of an old song popular in his and my father's time:

"Keep your whiskers on
'Til the morning, John ;
For I won't work another minute long-er."

It was a timely warning, humorously given but seriously intended, to any stragglers who might think, in Paddy's phrase, "time was no matter, so long as they could just duck under the line."

I saw Tim Sullivan leave his wife, Katie, just ahead of me, and like the others I have mentioned, duck into the barbershop. I quickened my pace at once to find out what was going on and stopped hesitantly at the shop door. My eyes, blinded by the hot sun on the scorching sidewalk, could not penetrate the soft, cool gloom inside. I could discern, however, that the three barber chairs and the long line of settees against the side wall were all occupied. I was more than puzzled at the sight, but in another minute I heard Paddy's soft, easy Berehaven voice, and he loomed up before me inside the door.

"Come in, come in," he greeted me heartily. "You're just the one we were looking for. Ned Meehan, here, caught sight of you watching the parade, but you were across the street from him, and he couldn't for the life of him, he says, catch your eye. We was afraid you might have took a notion to take a ride up to the cemetery this morning instead of this after, but Ned said he didn't think so ; you had no lilacs with you. So we've had Larry O'Toole posted there at the window, behind the fern, with his eye out to spot you, and not let you get by.

"I've got the radio all tuned in. We're all set

now. It will be on in a minute. I guess all the lads are here now. Push over there now, Neddy, and give the boy half your seat. You're both thin; there'll be room. I can just lock up the door now, I guess, so we won't be bothered or interrupted."

I squeezed obediently into the wedge of space Ned made for me at the edge of his settee, but as quickly asked Paddy, "But what's going on? What's it all about? You have me at a loss."

"Wisha," said Paddy impatiently, bending up from locking the door, "don't you know what day this is? Sure, sure, it's Decoration Day, of course, but what other day is it? As a good Catholic you shouldn't need to have to be told, but I'll tell you, anyway. 'Tis Our Holy Father, the Pope's, birthday — that's what other day it is. The Holy Father will be eighty years old today — eighty years old, just. And there's a Solemn Mass going to be put on the radio from down in New Jersey to celebrate the day; the like of a Mass that you'd be hearing in Rome — if you had the luck and got that far — so it says in the paper. I don't know how many thousand singers they're going to have in the choir, all of them singing the real old-time church music, as it has come down from early days. It's going to be very liturgical, says the paper, the very same way the Pope would have it in his own parish and his own church.

"Well, as soon as we saw that in the paper, and on

Memorial Day and all, the whole of us gathered here last night said as one man how much Johnny Sullivan would have enjoyed hearing a thing like that. It would have taken him right back; he would have been in his element — to be hearing here in Millington the like of a Mass that he once knew so well, long ever ago in holy Rome.

"We were all down to St. John's cemetery this morning, early, for to see that the Women's Relief Corps hadn't passed up his grave, and to bring our own few flowers; and we talked about it again. And it come to us — Ned Meehan was the one thought of it first — that you wouldn't want a better memorial service for Johnny than for all of us to gather here in the shop where he so often used to sit and chew the rag with us, and listen to that Mass, sung just the way, I suppose, Johnny heard it sung the many's a time, in the months when he and the Holy Father were so very close. You know how fond we all were of Johnny Sullivan. There never was a man like him, and plain and homely to the last, for all he had been well thought of in high places. Indeed, I don't suppose it's very often in the history of the world, that working men, like ourselves, have been ever given the chance to sit down and talk, as real cronies, with a man that was personal friends to a Pope. Shush-shush, now! This'll be it — this'll be the announcer. Not a sound out of anybody, now, boys!"

The voice of the station announcer was succeeded by the rich, intellectual tones of the Monsignor chosen to describe the ceremony and to explain the liturgical significance of the Solemn Pontifical Mass. Then the Proper of the Mass began. The rich, timeless Gregorian chant swelled out in the little barbershop. Ned Meehan coughed a dry cough; Larry O'Toole drew in his breath with an awed whistling sound. We were one not only with the bishop, priests and people in the vast armory in Newark where the Mass was being sung, but with all the hosts who had thronged St. Peter's since first the magic of its great dome was revealed, since Giovanni of Palestrina under the great Gregory wrought the age-old plainchant into heavenly chords to honor Pope Marcellus; one with all the glory of the Church down through all those years. We felt again all that glory to which our own Johnny Sullivan had been so close; and we marvelled once more that having known such wonders he had bothered at all with such poor, plain men as ourselves.

"The Pope's Johnny" we always called him, to distinguish him from the baker's dozen other John Sullivans in the Old Parish and in Millington: "the Pope's Johnny Sullivan."

Johnny, you see, when he came back from the War in '65, found it very hard to settle down. Another man after all that Johnny had gone through might

have been content to settle down by the kitchen stove forever and a day and talk of his exploits until the cows came home. Not Johnny Sullivan. Nor was he one of your drafted men, nor your three months' men, nor any man's paid substitute signed up for the bounty. John Sullivan volunteered at the very start of the War; he signed up at once with the Massachusetts Ninth Regiment, the old Irish Ninth; and they do say that Colonel Cass, from the minute John joined up until he was mustered out, thought the world and all of Johnny as a soldier. He was a mere slip of a lad when he volunteered, but he was in the very forefront of every battle that was fought just the same. He had his right leg shattered by a bullet at Antietam. They carried him away from the battlefield as good as gone, completely unconscious and the leg in very bad shape. Yet they used to say that when he came to, in the little temporary hospital they had that was only a shed, it was only that a Sister of Charity had the nursing of him kept him from going right back to the field and fighting the battle over again. He had great respect for the Sisters, so Mother Perpetua had her way.

But going off to the War so young, he had learned no trade, do you see, and once he was mustered out of the army, there was not much save an odd day's work laboring that he could find to turn his hand to. That sort of thing could never content Johnny Sul-

livan, for he was a very bright boy, and while he had never had much chance of an education, he was by way of being a great reader. He had history at his fingertips, and geography too he knew like the back of your hand. You couldn't mention a subject, the old people used to say, but John Sullivan was read up on it. He could give you as clear a picture of the ins and outs of a place like Mesopotamia or Constantinople as you, yourself, might know about your own backyard.

He was a good, pious boy, too. He had been head altar boy to old Father Sullivan before he went to the War, and he took the job right back again once he came home. The War did nothing to him that way, for all the terrible bad sights and wicked people he must have seen. No, in many ways, indeed, he was all bound up in the Church, was Johnny Sullivan. I imagine if he had had the ghost of a chance to keep up his schooling he would have gone out for the priesthood like a shot. He had the makings of a fine priest in him.

Well, with all his reading and with his deep interest in the affairs of the Church, it was only natural that he kept himself very well posted on how things were going over in Rome. That was the time — just after our own War — when things, to tell you the truth, were not going so good. The Know-Nothings and the A.P.A.s over there in and about Rome were

acting very mean and very nasty to the Holy Father, taking all his real estate and his property away from him and all but locking him inside Rome itself. We all felt very bad about it in the Old Parish at the time, but still nobody did anything about it but talk. And talk is cheap.

I say no one, but of course that doesn't include Johnny Sullivan. Johnny *did* something about it. With his reading of all the newspapers he could ever lay his hands on, he soon got wind of it that they were organizing a regiment up in Canada to go over by boat and give those A.P.A.s a taste of their own medicine. Papal Zouaves was the name of the regiment; and the next thing anyone knew if John Sullivan wasn't off to Canada to join up with these Zouaves — which would be a kind of soldier — and then, off across the wild water to catch up with those Know-Nothing bigots and teach them to mind their manners to a holy man who was having altogether too much patience with them.

If I have my dates right, that would be about the year 1868, and Johnny stayed over there in Rome for nigh on two years, doing a great deal of good where it was most needed, as you may well imagine. He was in no real pitched battles, he said when he came home; it was mostly a case of standing watch and ward on the walls and at the gates of Rome. The Pope who was Pope then, you see, was all but a saint;

he had everything a saint would need but the name. And, of course, being so holy and pious, fighting was the last thing he wanted. He couldn't bear the thought of having anybody hurt on his account. It would have broken his heart. He was the kind the Gospel tells about, that would turn his cheek willingly the full seventy times seven. He was such a good and such a great man, Johnny Sullivan always said, that he could not help but remind you of St. Patrick.

You wouldn't think — would you? — that the A.P.A.s would have the nerve and the gall to turn on a decent, quiet man like that; but they did, the less power to them. Johnny Sullivan said that it used to make his blood boil to be staying sitting on the wall of Rome idle, and not to be jumping down and going after the lot of them, and giving them Hail Columbia! In fact — it is no secret — the time came at last when Johnny decided he simply could not stand it any longer; it was too much for any man with red blood in his veins to put up with.

So, unbeknownst to anyone, with not a word to a soul, he took to going out over the walls late at night, after dark, and giving more than one of these prowling miscreants the sort of thing you do not rush home and show your mother. In the course of time, and enough dark nights, and I guess the whole of the Garibaldis would have been eating their breakfasts

off the mantlepiece, holding slices of beefsteak to more than one bad eye.

If the General over Johnny had any idea what Johnny was up to, or ever wondered why John was so often late for his stirabout in the morning, he said nothing, anyway. As a matter of fact, the General spoke mostly French — he had very little English; and Johnny was that clever that when he signed up he never let out that he knew any English at all. He claimed that he had only the Gaelic, for, as he told us later, if the chance came his way to do some big hero deed for the Holy Father, he wanted the Irish to get full credit for it. So since the General had not enough Irish to bless himself with, and Johnny would not speak English to him, the General got into the habit of giving Johnny a lot of his own headway. And Johnny Sullivan made good use of it.

But as I said before, the Pope of that time — Pio Nono, Pope Pius, the Ninth, that was, that came before Leo — was a real saint, and rather than have anyone hurt, even his enemies, he gave in to them at last, and Johnny Sullivan left Rome then and came home.

We never tired, any of us in the Old Parish, of listening to his stories; and although I was very young, and he was very, very old, when I heard him tell of his adventures, they thrilled me as they had thrilled my father's generation and those of Johnny's

own years before that. To hear him talk of St. Peter's and the Vatican, you could almost imagine yourself there. Why, Johnny used to say, there was not a mill owner in town had a mansion half as fine as the poorest palaces you would find on backstreets and down alleys in Rome. Johnny knew Rome like a book. You only need mention some famous place you might have read about — like the Forum or the Coliseum — and Johnny would give you the street it was on and the number on that street. In his day he had thought as little of getting up and going to the Half-past Five at St. Peter's, as we would to the nine o'clock Mass at our own church each Sunday. And although he never said so — at least not in so many words — the older people of the parish were always strongly under the impression that the Holy Father in those troubled times placed a lot more dependence upon Johnny Sullivan than he did on anyone else round about him. We knew, at all events, that the Pope and Johnny were very close, personal friends.

The old pastor always gave Johnny full recognition. He was always one of the four to carry the canopy at Forty Hours' and Corpus Christi; and when we had the Solemn Mass in the Old Parish to celebrate Pope Leo's jubilee, Johnny had a seat within the altar rail just the same as a priest. Of course, he was fully entitled to such an honor. Even

the old pastor had not been to Rome nor set eyes on a Pope, let alone the curates, to say nothing of not being a Holy Father's intimate, close friend.

That was why, when the new pastor came and word got around that he had picked Lawyer Driscoll, John Riordan, the grocer, Dr. John F. X. Shea and Bogan, the contractor, as canopy bearers — with not a word of mention of the Pope's Johnny Sullivan — it was a cause of great scandal in the Old Parish. The older people especially were very upset about it.

To do the new pastor justice, had he asked who the old canopy bearers were, and had John Sullivan been pointed out to him, without knowing Johnny's story he might well have passed him by in making his new selection. For Johnny Sullivan was very old then and walked with a cane, and his full white beard made him look older still. The new pastor would have no way of knowing that Johnny needed no cane when he was carrying a canopy over the Lord his God, that the step of youth was in his walk then. And as it happened, our senior curate broke down after the old pastor's death and had to go away for his health, and the junior curate was as new almost as the new pastor himself. Johnny, therefore, had no friend at court.

Some of the Holy Name got together when the bad news was out, and wanted to form a delegation to go to the new pastor and point out his mistake — in a

very nice way, of course. But the Pope's Johnny Sullivan would have none of it; he would not hear of it.

"I wouldn't let anyone ever do for me what I wasn't willing to do myself," said Johnny proudly, "and go to him I wouldn't. Not that it would be beneath my *own* dignity, mind. Not at all, for I'm just a poor, plain man. But in my opinion, it would be lowering the dignity of my friend and patron, Pope Pius the Ninth — Lord have mercy on him — if I went and asked. The Pope was good to me, and I'd never let it be said that one of his friends so far forgot himself as to ask a favor of an ordinary parish priest. Off another Pope I might ask a favor, but off a common priest, no, sir; nor off a bishop. It wouldn't look right; although I must say, things are coming to a pretty pass when a personal friend of the Holy Father's is snubbed the way that man has snubbed me."

There is no telling how long the troubled state of things might have gone on, with the Old Parish, like the veil of the Temple, rent in twain. But as good luck would have it, shortly after, the new pastor dropped in to Paddy Dailey's one morning for a haircut; and the Pope's Johnny Sullivan was there, resting on the long walk to Grand Army hall.

High up on the wall, over the mirrors facing the barber chairs, Paddy Dailey has a very beautiful picture, a real steel engraving that Johnny Sullivan went

out and bought for him one Christmas. It is quite a picture, a scene of a church in Rome. The new pastor spotted it right away.

"I'm trying to place that church," he said, peering up at the wall, as Paddy held the apron ready to pin about him. "I should say it was Saint John Lateran's — one of the great churches in Rome, you know." And, I suppose, there was a trace of superiority in his tone.

Johnny Sullivan thought there was. He told us afterward that when he saw the new pastor come in, he had decided to recognize him only with a bare nod, but Johnny was never one who could abide a mistake.

"Indeed, it is *not* Saint John Lateran's," he said very stiffly.

The new pastor switched around in his chair at once, very surprised. He looked at the picture again. "No, it isn't," he said then, "I am wrong. It is Santa Maria Maggiore, of course."

"It is *not* Santa Maria Maggiore," answered Johnny with great dignity.

"But surely," said the new pastor, very vexed, as who would not be, publicly corrected on a topic you thought you knew more about than the next man, "surely, I should — do you know what church it is?" he asked Johnny point blank.

"I *do!*" said the Pope's Johnny Sullivan, very firmly, "I do, indeed."

Paddy Dailey said it was as good as a play to see the two of them facing up to each other, the new pastor racking his brains to know what he had got into.

"Then what church is it?" he asked Johnny at last, very shortly.

"What church but the church where the Earls are buried," said John Sullivan, "San Pietro di Montorio," rolling it out on his tongue, the way, no doubt, he had heard the Pope say it, long years ago.

"San Pietro . . ." began the new pastor. You could see he was thinking hard. "I don't seem to recall just how. . ."

"Well, now," said the Pope's Johnny, very tolerantly, "what you'd see a picture of in a book you never remember as well as what you'd see with your own eyes. Then *I* remember it well, and the last time I was in it as well as if it was yesterday."

"But I was three years in Rome — at the American College," said the new pastor, very provoked. Then it suddenly dawned on him that the white-bearded old man had intimated that he himself had been there, had been in Rome. He turned away round in his chair and stared at the Pope's Johnny, wholly unbelieving.

Johnny at the new pastor's last words had risen to

his feet in like misbelief. Then, said Paddy Dailey, it was almost as if the word "Rome" was the countersign. In another minute they were shaking hands, and falling all over each other. The new pastor waved Paddy aside at once and sat down beside Johnny. Paddy said you never heard such a confabbing and colloguing in all your born days.

About this place and that place, this church and that church, about the Catacombs, and the Quirinal, and the Sistine Chapel, and places like that, that you would never hear tell of outside of a book. The new pastor, I guess, had always been a little homesick for his seminary days in Rome ; and it was the treat of the world, of course, for the Pope's Johnny Sullivan to find someone at last who spoke his own language.

And then, when it finally came out that the Pope's Johnny had been a Papal Zouave and a close friend of Pope Pius the Ninth, Paddy said the new pastor was struck all in a heap. He could not do enough for Johnny when he heard that.

Yes, indeed, Johnny carried the canopy that year, and until the year he died. And that wasn't all. It was the new pastor, they say, gave the bishop the good word and had him send over to Rome and have Johnny made a Chevalier. The Chevalier Sullivan he was, by rights, after that, but we liked best his old title and he did, too : The Pope's Johnny Sullivan.

As I sat in the barbershop last Memorial Day lis-

tening to the surge of the chanted Mass in honor of our present Holy Father's birthday, I thought that surely Johnny Sullivan was present in the shop with us.

I thought so until, the program ended, I saw Ned Meehan putting away his beads. Then I agreed, and we all agreed, with old Ned's husky comment.

"You know," he said, "I just bet," he said, "that up in Heaven while this was going on, the Pope and Johnny Sullivan were sitting down together, taking it all in."

And I am sure it was so.

MEN OF GOOD WILL

HE OLD PASTOR, when he set aside a corner of the church grounds by Holy Name hall as a little park, did so with the understanding that it was to be a place of rest and retreat for the men of the Old Parish, and for them alone. It was for them he placed the settees, and had Tom Lynch, the plumber, who collects at the Nine, run pipes out from the hall and install a little bubble fountain in the center of the plot. He made it very plain from the altar that he wanted the men's rights to a little spot of their own respected. The day he found Mrs. Patrick Crowley sitting on one of the benches crocheting, while she waited for Aggie Kelly to be through choir practice, he packed her off in jig time, and told her as caustically as he could — in another man the same tone would mean loving kindness ! — that the place for her was in church saying an extra rosary, not butting in where she had no business being.

Tim Sullivan's wife, Katie, told me afterwards that that is how the little Finnegan baby came to have

such a beautiful robe for its christening. There was crocheted lace on the robe a full two feet deep! Mrs. Patrick Crowley stood up for the child, and Katie told me that there was a very definite gleam in Mrs. Patrick's eye when she held up the baby — and the lace — before the old pastor in his thin, worn, plain, linen surplice — lace all worked out, wondrously, in grapes and wheat and little Celtic crosses.

Paradise Alley, the old men called the path leading up to their little sanctuary; and the park, itself, Angels' Fold. That was from the song "Killarney," from the line that goes, "Angels fold their wings and rest." Larry O'Toole thought that up. Larry is a great authority on saints and angels. Angels, it seems, are always men. There is no such thing as a lady angel, according to Larry. He read it somewhere in a book. "A book by a man, no doubt," said Mrs. Crowley when she heard of it. But that is no matter. Mrs. Crowley has the use of a very sharp tongue when she cares to.

It was the older men of the parish always claimed the place as their own, the Pope's Johnny Sullivan, Larry O'Toole, Ned Meehan, Paddy Dailey, the barber, and Dan Pat Ryan. They met in Angels' Fold in the morning after breakfast, and sat and smoked and sunned until the ring of the Gabriel bell told them it was noon and time to knock off for a bite to eat. There were always one or two came back right

after, although Ned Meehan took an hour's nap on the couch at home, and the Pope's Johnny usually rambled down to Grand Army hall for a game of checkers or forty-fives with some of the lads there or to re-fight the War. But after supper, when Paddy Dailey was free to join them, they were all out in Angels' Fold in full force, and stayed there talking of this and that, settling the problems of the day, and of the city, state and nation, until the street lights blinked on, and it was time to go home and go to bed.

After the old pastor's admonition to Mrs. Crowley, the women of the parish gave the park a wide berth ; and the old men were as equally watchful and zealous that no "female creature" intrude upon their sanctum. Indeed, at one time there was great question about the propriety of letting Ned Meehan's Saint Bernard — Rosie Meehan — rest at her master's feet in a place like the Fold. After all, Rosie was a she, Dan Pat Ryan pointed out dubiously.

The Pope's Johnny Sullivan, however, after much thought, gave it as his considered opinion that while there were, it is true, lady dogs and men dogs, dogs as a whole were of the masculine persuasion ; whereas cats, were they Tabbies or Toms, could never be looked upon as other than feminine. Moreover, a dog like Rosie — bearing the name of a saint, and a man saint at that — whose ancestors had been kept busy dashing through the snow and ice with kegs of

brandy for lost travellers, might well be considered even more masculine than the run of dogs in general.

"Look at them up in the Alps," said the Pope's Johnny. "If it was feminine at all, would a Saint Bernard dog be bringing you brandy? It would not, indeed. 'Twould be a hot cup of tea it'd be bringing you. Let the dog stay."

With all that, you can understand how everyone felt the May night that Mary Gibbons, the school teacher, came to the foot of Paradise Alley, and had the gall to call out and ask if she could come up into Angels' Fold, that she needed advice and help.

Now everyone liked Mary Gibbons. All the old men liked her fine. She was a very bright, smart girl, and, as a teacher, a great credit to the parish. She was always a very pleasant girl, too, to meet on the street; with a bow and a smile for you always, no matter who you were, if she knew you at all — or whether you had on your working overalls or your good Sunday suit. Unlike some in the parish, without half her brains or her education, there was nothing stuck-up about Mary. That was why it seemed so odd for a girl like that to come breaking in on a place like Angels' Fold. She just was not the type to do a thing like that, at least, not without a very good reason.

So, after a whispered consultation all around, with some thinking this and some thinking that, the

Pope's Johnny Sullivan got to his feet, and hobbled down the walk to find out what on earth was the matter. Something must be radically wrong. The talk went on desultorily in his absence. Every eye was glued to the end of the path where Johnny and Mary were in very deep consultation from the looks of it.

I am sure none of us knew at all what to expect from the colloguing, but "what we didn't expect" as Aggie Kelly says when she lays out the playing cards in a row — making bluff to tell fortunes at the parish lawn party every year — what we did not expect was to see the Pope's Johnny coming back up Paradise Alley bringing Mary Gibbons along with him, on his arm, no less. We were dreadfully taken back that John Sullivan, of all people, should so overstep the bounds. Ned Meehan, when he saw what was happening, drew in his breath so quickly that he inhaled the smoke from his worn "T.D.," and had a fit of coughing and choking that took all our attention until the two of them were before us.

"Judge me not unless you, yourself, are looking to be judged," said the Pope's Johnny at once. Johnny, as a man who had been such good friends with a Holy Father long ago, had a liking for the words of the Gospel. "Wait, now all of you, and let there be no hurling of stones until you hear the whole story, the story the little lady here has just been after telling me. Move over, Larry. Push over so there's room on

that bench. Sit down, girl, now do. There's none of them will bite you, fierce as they may look to a colleen like yourself.

"Listen now, the lot of you, to what the lass here tells me is going on in the town — it concerns us all — to the divilment certain people are up to, and the black mark they're trying to place against the good name of the Old Parish."

Mary Gibbons taught third grade in the Everett B. Durfee school, the public grammar school that the children of the Old Parish attended before the new pastor build the big new parochial school. The Durfee school was an old school, not old enough, indeed, to record the youth and the learning of John Sullivan or Ned Meehan, but their sons and daughters had gone to it, as their grandchildren and great nieces and nephews were going now, and a few of the teachers still on duty there had taught the two generations of pupils. We were proud of the Durfee school in the Old Parish and of the splendid record of its graduates. We held many of its teachers in as high esteem as oldsters, like the Pope's Johnny and old Ned, did the memory of "Lather'em" Davis, the Master, who taught them the "ahbahcays," and to figure in the rule of three, when they came as gossoons from Ireland. As loyal and devoted American citizens who paid our poll taxes faithfully and proudly registered to vote each year, the Durfee was "our

school," the more since it was within the confines of our own parish and educated our children.

Among the veteran teachers whom we revered was Miss Emeline Reed. Miss Emeline taught fourth grade. Thirty years before, Ned Meehan's son, Michael, had been in her room and James Kielty's boy Dan, the Bishop out in the Wild West; and before that Tim Sullivan, Johnny's lad, had had Miss Emeline. We had all gone to school to her. She had been my teacher when I went to the Durfee; Ned Meehan's granddaughter, Moira, was in her class now; and she had taught Mary Gibbons, who had little thought then — marching to school in her crisply laundered pinafore, her hair in tightly braided "jump-ropes," her *Scholar's Companion* under her arm — that, many years later she, too, would be teaching in the same school and in the very next classroom.

You could not help but like Miss Emeline. She was such a shy, gentle, good woman, even if she was not "one of our own." Miss Emeline belonged to the Congregational Church downtown and taught Sunday school there. For years she had been in charge of their Junior Bible Class. But for all that, as the old men agreed one day, "while, of course, she is a Prodestan' still she is far from what you would ever call a *black* Prodestan'; and the poor soul can hardly help it if she was born that way." She taught

our children well, and no question of race nor class nor creed, we knew, ever shaded even momentarily her one constant prayer : to be able to bring out the best that was in the minds and hearts of the small children before her.

The year before the story I am telling, an upset in the city's elections had won for our side the mayoralty of the city and six of the nine posts on the school committee. When I say "our side" it is simply to tell you that the Old Parish was Democratic to a man ; as our Yankee neighbors were, every one of them, what we knew as "rock-ribbed Republicans." In our New England then — in the consulship of the elder Plautus — the line of party demarcation was very sharply drawn.

We were particularly happy in the Old Parish about the school board victory. We had felt for some time that with minority representation on the committee, our girls graduating from the normal-training school were not being accepted as teachers as readily and as easily as their merits warranted. No very specific case of discrimination had yet arisen, but, as the old men would say, "the feeling was there." Now with our own, Lawyer Finglas, Dr. John F. X. Shea and the others in the majority, we were very pleased and content.

We were, that is, until we heard Mary Gibbons' agitated story — punctuated by frequent side remarks

on the part of the Pope's Johnny. Lawyer Finglas, she told us, had been to Miss Emeline Reed and out of a clear sky had demanded her resignation. Not asked, mind, but demanded. He had been very peremptory about it. She was too old to teach, he had said to her roughly, and the people of the Old Parish had been steadily complaining about her intolerance. He as much as told her she was an old bigot, complained Mary Gibbons indignantly. "Get out at once, or I'll put you out!" were his final words as Miss Emeline, weeping heart-brokenly, sank her white head upon her desk.

We listened with shocked and sympathetic faces. Our insistence upon our rights as American citizens to share equally in civic affairs and our happiness that with a school board majority, those rights were assured, were one thing; but at no time, in the minds of the most insistent of us, had there been any thought of trespassing upon the rights of others. Indeed, we were not that kind. Live and let live was all we wanted. And of all people for Lawyer Finglas to single out as obnoxious to us: Miss Emeline Reed, for whom we had great affection!

"What do you think of that, now?" asked the Pope's Johnny in a bugle call of indignation. "And not what do you think about it, either. What are we going to do about it? That's the question!"

"I don't suppose there is any truth in it, about her

being down on us, is there?" questioned Dan Pat Ryan, uncertainly.

"Meelia murther!" old Ned Meehan answered him disgustedly, "that one couldn't be down on nobody. If there was a wasp or a hornet lit on her, itself, she'd not be brushing it off lest she might offend the poor creature. I never heard the like — for nonsense."

"There certainly is not any truth in such a thing," Mary Gibbons burst out as quickly. "If you want to know, she bought the little McGettigan girl's First Communion dress and veil last year, because she knew the father was out of work and she wouldn't have the child approach the altar in just any old thing she happened to have. And she bought her a rosary, too; I took it down to the old pastor, myself, and had it blessed for her. Bigotry! If she's a bigot then I wish I were one. She's always doing things like that, real lovely things. When my father died — Lord have mercy on him —" we all lifted our hats reverently, "she went right down to the nuns and got a spiritual bouquet. She's not in the least bit narrow, not half as narrow-minded as that Finglas, if you ask me. She's just the very opposite. And that's what hurting her so. She can't believe we feel that way about her.

"She minds that more than she does losing her pension, although she has only two more years to go

to be eligible for it, and I know she'll starve without it. Her sister is an invalid, and has been for years; there are just the two of them, both living on her pay. And now that's going to be taken away from her."

"Now a woman like that, I wouldn't want anything bad to happen to her," said Larry O'Toole, thoughtfully. "'Twould go much against my grain to let a thing like that go through."

"'Twill not go through!" said the Pope's Johnny decisively. "And indeed, it will not go through. I won't have it! Not for a minute will I have it! There was a woman always eager to put herself out for me and to look after my every comfort when I'd go down to the school on Decoration Day — in my uniform — to speak to the children about the War. Miss Emeline Reed is my friend, and let it never be said of John Gabriel Sullivan that he ever went back on a friend.

"Great friends I've had in my day, and in high places, but I'd lose the right to call them by that title if the word ever got round up in Heaven — where they are — that I went back on this poor lady, and she needing my help. Ease your mind of your worry now, Mary," he patted Miss Gibbons' shoulder comfortingly, "we'll take care of this. The lads and me will handle it. And there'll be no such injustice done, not while we have breaths in our bodies and tongues in our heads, forsooth."

There was great bringing of heads together and vast and deep discussion of the matter, once Mary Gibbons had been escorted down the path. It was Dan Pat Ryan, oddly enough, who finally hit on The Plan — the plan by which we would pay all due honor and respect to Miss Emeline and guarantee her job as long as she wanted to hold it, and at the same time proclaim for once and for all, to the world and his brother, that wherever bigotry and intolerance might be permitted to exist, there was no room for it in the Old Parish.

Casual passers-by that next Sunday week may well have wondered just what was going on in Angels' Fold, that is, granted they knew nothing of The Plan. For everyone in the parish — save Lawyer Finglas — knew of it by that time and approved it heartily.

The bustle and commotion in the early afternoon ; the Chinese lanterns that I, as a younger, lither man, hung in the branches of the elm trees that shaded the plot and fastened to wires strung back and forth under the generalship of the Pope's Johnny and his pointing cane ; Larry O'Toole and Shamus Kielty struggling across the lawns with the grand mahogany table from the rectory parlor ; Dinnie the Bow Shea, arriving with his arms piled high with silk and satin sofa cushions to heap on the settees — a contribution from his sister Mary Ellen, and from Mrs. Patrick Crowley ; Ned Meehan but a few minutes behind

him, in the cutaway suit and bright green tie that he reserved for ordinations, consecrations and Saint Patrick's day, truly gala occasions ; Paddy Dailey coming with a long cylindrical roll, that, unwrapped, turned out to be his wife's fine filet lace table cloth ; Dan Pat Ryan in a very dither of excitement ; the old pastor, himself, coming out every once in a while to see how we were getting on !

At four o'clock we were all in our places, shining in our Sunday best, sitting gingerly on Mrs. Patrick's choice sofa pillows and admiring tremendously the looks of the table, covered with the lace cloth, on which reposed, in gleaming glory, Katie Sullivan's silver service and Dan Pat's daughter-in-law's best china tea set. And yet, all of us, keeping a weather eye out down Paradise Alley for the first glimpse of Mary Gibbons.

A watched pot never boils ; but she did come at last, and with her, shy and abashed, a fragile little thing in her worn black dress, was our guest of honor : Miss Emeline Reed. Angels' Fold had invited Miss Reed to high Sunday tea !

What she thought of it all at first, I have no idea. It was to Mary Gibbons' house she had thought she was going. It must have been an awful surprise to her. I very much doubt if she had ever dreamed of sitting down and taking tea with a bunch of men, not then but at any time, but she was equal to it. And

the Pope's Johnny Sullivan would make anyone feel at home, if he was in the mood for it, and he certainly was that day. The courtly way he handed around the cups and the little sandwiches, you would think it was at the Court of St. James we were. In fact, as Ned Meehan whispered to me loudly, he doubted if they had the like of that for manners, over there.

The Pope's Johnny had the whole thing timed like an eight day clock. No sooner had we sat back, balancing our cups in their saucers, and making light and polite chitter-chatter about the weather, as we knew they do at high teas, then across the lawn came the old pastor — and Lawyer Finglas by his side. That was the old pastor's part: to send for Finglas to come see him on parish business.

Well! When Finglas stepped into the circle, and Miss Reed, with never a tremor, like the real lady she was, poured him out a cup, you could have put a whole pie in his mouth, it was that wide open. And when the Pope's Johnny carefully explained to the old pastor — by the way! — in a quiet aside that could have been heard in Siam, that it was just a little tea party arranged by the lads to show the affection of the Old Parish for a teacher everyone loved, you could see Finglas took it hard. If there was a hole handy, he would have crawled into it.

That was nothing! You should have seen his face when Sister Malachy and Sister Mary Benedict

came sweeping up the walk, on their way from Sunday school, to tell Miss Reed how grateful Reverend Mother was for the courses of study in Fourth Grade methods that she had been sending to the convent during the year. And when James Kielty, holding back until the last for the triumph of it, pulled from his pocket, and read aloud, a telegram of best wishes to his old teacher from Bishop Dan out in the Wild West, Shamus' son, I thought the man Finglas would have apoplexy.

The Pope's Johnny Sullivan, on one side, and Ned Meehan on the other, escorted Miss Reed home when the tea-drinking was over; and you can well imagine that Mrs. Patrick Crowley just happened to be at her gate, and Mary Shea that moment leaving her house when they passed. The way home, reported Ned, was a triumphal march; and it was not lost on Finglas, either, Ned was happy to state, for he had seen the wicked miscreant go by in his car and look out just when they were being greeted by Aggie Kelly and Tim Sullivan's wife, Katie.

Needless to say, nothing more was ever heard of any talk of having Miss Reed resign. She retired in due time, of her own accord, on her pension. We found afterward that Finglas, the sly trickster, wanted the place for a cousin of his — and from another parish! A man like that, who would put his own interests above ours, and in a way to shame the Old

Parish, was not our type of man. We defeated him at the next election.

Just one more thing happened. A few weeks later, the Pope's Johnny stood talking to the old pastor in front of the church, and the Reverend Mr. Jeffrey, Miss Reed's minister came by. The minister walked right up and shook hands with the two of them. This is what he said: "My Church says, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' Yours phrases it differently. Today I am inclined to think your Church is right. To you now I say, with all my heart, 'Peace on earth to men of good will.' God bless and thank you both."

NEPHEW TO A SAINT — ON THE FATHER'S SIDE



MONG THE older men of the Old Parish certain very finely drawn lines of authority in all matters concerning the Church are scrupulously recognized. The Pope's Johnny Sullivan — God rest him ! — in his day spoke infallibly to us all on any question pertaining to the Holy Father or the Vatican or Saint Peter's in Rome. No one ever dared dispute him. He was the man who knew what he was talking about there, we always nodded our heads and agreed. No man better. And by the same token, although his complete infallibility might be questioned, his opinion also had great weight in any talk that might come up about lord cardinals, archbishops, plain bishops and the like. We knew well that there was a time when there was not a high cardinal in Rome but would take off his big tasseled hat in a hurry, and put on the big smile of "How goes it, Johnny," when he would see our John coming along the sidewalk. Close friend and all as Johnny was of the Holy Father of that time, even a cardinal

in those days would think twice before letting Johnny get by without stopping him to pass the time of day, and ask him how he was doing.

And if Johnny was our great authority on Rome and the Supreme Pontiff and the Sacred College, then Dan Pat Ryan was the man for your money when the talk swung around to the Sisters. Dan had almost as much knowledge of nuns as Mrs. Patrick Crowley herself; and the world well knows that when it comes to Sisters, Mrs. Crowley is what you might call a walking encyclopedia. Dan Pat, of course, was not quite up to that standard, but he was very knowledgeable about them just the same. And why would he not be, with his eldest girl, Anna, Mother Superior of our own convent of the Ladies of Mercy — Reverend Mother Theresa is the name she goes by in religion — and his youngest, Loretto, off in France, a Sacred Heart Madame, studying up to be a philosophical doctor?

However, in the sphere of things purely spiritual, neither Johnny nor Dan Pat had a great deal to say. Larry O'Toole had the drop on them there, the first and the last word. In his presence they both had to take a back seat in matters of that kind. Once indeed, Dinnie the Bow Shea, on the grounds that as a boy he had taken the pledge at the hands of great Father Mathew, the time Temperance's Apostle came to the Old Parish, went to contradict Larry on

some point or other ; but we laughed Dinnie to scorn. If it was a matter of his opinion against our own, we would have been glad to listen and readily granted him the right to speak, but never against the word and the authority of Larry O'Toole. No. It would have been blasphemy. For while Dinnie's connection with a man like Father Mathew, who was, we knew, all but a saint, gave him certain rights and privileges, still what was that compared to Larry O'Toole's proud boast ?

You might hardly believe it, but it was so : Larry O'Toole had a real saint as a relative ! Saint Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin away back I do not know when, was an uncle of Larry's "on the father's side." Of course, the relationship was not as close as if it had been his father's brother ; it was more of a great-great-great-granduncle Saint Lawrence was to Larry. But as Larry himself used to point out, and it sounded very reasonable, it was all on account of the time that lapsed before Larry was born. If he had been born nearer Saint Lawrence's own time, you could skip all the "great-greats," and then you would have the real connection, for the connection was there. At all events, you could not get away from it — no matter how far removed, Larry was really and truly Saint Lawrence's nephew. Genealogy they call it, those who study such things ; and Larry had genealogy at his fingertips.

Outside the one little skirmish with Dinnie Shea — and that amounted to nothing — Larry O'Toole's inalienable right to decide all matters of doctrine and piety and holiness in general that might arise in Angels' Fold, was questioned but once. It was James Kielty who did it. Shamus you see, while we counted him one of our own, was not quite the same thing say as the Pope's Johnny Sullivan, or Dinnie Shea, or Paddy Dailey, or Ned Meehan. His father was from Cork right enough, although, to be sure, it was from around Bandon he came; but his mother was a Cavan woman. She was a lovely person, but nevertheless she was Cavan, and the children — Shamus like the rest of them — all had that contrary Cavan streak in their make-up.

The matter I speak of came up when Shamus Kielty's son, Father Dan, who was stationed in some diocese far away out in the Wild West, was up and made a bishop. That, of course, was a great thing to have happen, a wonderful thing to have happen in your own family; so you could hardly blame James Kielty for doing his own bit of crowing. He was very modest about it on the whole, but at the same time it did set him up a great deal.

The Pope's Johnny Sullivan right away gave up his own accustomed and acknowledged last word on the subject of bishops, which was no more than was right and proper; although if the truth were told, Shamus

Kielty had the knowing of but one bishop and he very new at the trade, whereas Johnny of old knew bishops by the score.

But even that great concession did not altogether satisfy James Kielty. It must have been the Cavan drop in him, for getting an inch from Johnny, he began to look for a mile from everyone else.

The old men were resting in Angels' Fold one morning, getting the good of the sun, when Shamus began this reaching out for more authority than we were willing to allow him. He started to cross swords with Larry O'Toole on whether or not it was wrong to have a glass of beer after you had been to confession. Larry held that one glass, or maybe two, was of no harm, but that any more over and above two might well constitute an occasion of sin. Shamus took issue with him very sharply on that; not even one glass of beer would he allow, not until after breakfast the next morning.

The rest of us might have taken sides, but we saw at once that there was much more to it than just the question of a glass of beer. The beer was merely what you might call a symbol. The real issue was that Shamus Kielty was challenging Larry O'Toole's supremacy among us as our authority in the field of faith and morals. We held our peace, and the argument went back and forth, at times waxing very hot and heavy.

At last Larry, hurt to the quick that James Kielty should so gainsay him, brought up what was to us the incontrovertible argument backing his authority.

"I don't like to mention it," he said quietly but proudly, "not in the heat of an argument, for that's not the place for it. But you know as well as I do, James Kielty, of the background I have in matters like this. If the shoe were on the other foot, I would hold my peace. I would have nothing to say. I congratulate you highly on the royal purple coming to Father Dan. 'Tis a great honor. It's not every man can hold his head up and say his son is a Right Reverend Bishop; but great honor as it is, greater by far, I do think, is my own connection with Holy Church. My name itself would tell you that, although you know well enough to what I refer. I can say no more."

That should have put James Kielty right back in his place; there was no answer to that, no likely answer; but the Cavan streak made Shamus stubborn. If he did not up and answer Larry right back, very boldly!

"You may be named for a saint, Lawrence O'Toole," he retorted, using Larry's full name very pompously, "but it is no more and no less than can be said of any man here. If it comes to that, there's John Sullivan there, named after two saints, Saint John the Baptist and Saint John the Evangelist; and

I think you would find, if you took time to look the matter up, that my own patron Saint James has as much pull in Heaven as any other saint there."

At that speech of James Kielty, which was all but brazen no matter what way you looked at it, every man in Angels' Fold was struck dumb. You could have heard a pin drop. It was not at all the sort of speech for the father of a bishop to be making; and once the words were out of his mouth you could see that James Kielty would have given anything to be able to take them back. There was that look in his eyes that told you that in a minute he would ask forgiveness of Larry O'Toole for making remarks that were so shocking and out of order; and I am sure Larry, who was a kindly and forgiving man, would have granted him pardon at once. But just then Billy Flynn, who had come over from pitching horseshoes in time to get Shamus' last words but none of what had gone before, spoke up; and all chance of peace and reconciliation was spoiled.

"Well," said Billy, breaking in on the silence, "there was one time, Shamus, I don't think your Saint James showed up so well. My own saint, Saint William — less power to him — was more than a match for him there; and that was at the Battle of the Boyne Water."

That angered James Kielty afresh and made him see red. It was that remark made James Kielty com-

mit public heresy. "At all events," he said very sourly, "I never claimed to be related to Saint James ; but if I did, itself, I imagine there would be as much truth in it as in some other people's pretentions." With that he stalked off, out of the Fold and down Paradise Alley. And indeed we were not sorry to see him go, making trouble like that with the bitter bad tongue of him, and Larry O'Toole as quiet, decent a man as you could come across in a month of Sundays.

Larry stayed sitting where he was, very silent. One look at him, and you would know he took the whole thing very hard. If ever man had a look of hurt, Larry O'Toole had it that day. You would feel sorry for him to see him sitting there, stunned-like. It was a good while before anyone had anything to say, or could think of anything. Then finally the Pope's Johnny leaned forward on his black thorn stick that the old pastor brought him back from Ireland, and cleared his throat.

"I don't want to butt in," he said slowly and with great dignity, "on anything that might be considered none of my business, but I will say this : that a saint with but the one name belongs to everybody alike ; but if it is a saint with two names, a first name and a last name, too — and I understand there's very few of them — he belongs to the family with that name in a very special way. That's from what I heard when

I was in Rome long 'go, and I don't think the rule has changed.

"What is more, Larry O'Toole, I have no doubt at all that in Heaven today, though the years may be long between your time and his, Saint Lawrence O'Toole more than once — when the saints are sitting around talking together — has had occasion to speak very well of yourself, his own nephew."

"Ah, sure, Johnny," said Larry taking heart at that, but modest as always, "it is only on the father's side I am related. Maybe you'd need the double relationship to have it mean anything. It's so far back."

"Not at all, not at all," said Johnny Sullivan. "The father's side is the important side. It's there the name comes in."

Now you would not think that a little disagreement like that could cause trouble. Maybe you would not — if you did not know men. Let me tell you, it *did* cause trouble, and a great deal of hard feeling. Not that we took sides, any of us. Not at all. We knew very well who had the right of it; but when it comes to any question of saints and bishops you do not butt in. You leave it to those who should know to settle it amongst themselves. What would an ordinary plain man have to say about things like that and have anybody listen to him? You would do better by holding your tongue.

So no one said anything further, not a word. It was very hard just the same, if Larry O'Toole was in the Fold, to see James Kielty take a quick look at the benches, spot Larry — and stalk by the foot of Paradise Alley, his head flung high in the air. Or, if Shamus got to Angels' Fold first, to see Larry go by, very coldly. We worried about that a good deal, the whole lot of us.

I guess it worried Shamus and Larry, too. Anyway, Shamus come to us one day with the word that he had written to his son the Lord Bishop of the Wild West, putting before him plainly the question that started the whole argument and asking him for the rights of it. He had a letter back from the Bishop soon, and he read it out to us in the Fold — to all of us, of course, but Larry O'Toole.

It seems it was a very ticklish question. At least Father Dan — Bishop Dan, I mean of course, minding my manners — would not commit himself to any straight out-and-out answer. You might think that a bishop should have the knowing of a thing like that right offhand, but Bishop Dan, of course, was new at the job, and I suppose he had to be very careful. He did not want to be picked up wrong. Anyway, he wrote back that the question struck so deep into sacred theology and the advanced catechism, he would not himself dare to give an answer to it. It had to be looked up in the books and gone into thor-

oughly. He had, however — said the Bishop — submitted the question, in writing, to his own confessor in the friary that was convenient to his palace. The friars were very holy and very learned, he wrote, and would know the answer to a thing of that kind if anybody would, outside the Holy Father and the College of Cardinals; and his confessor had promised to bring the matter up at the very next meeting they might have, sitting in high council. They would write the answer direct to Shamus, said the Bishop — that was Shamus' boy, Dan, you know.

In the meantime, he wrote, and that struck a lot of us funny — we could not make head nor tail of that, and in the very same letter — he was sending on a case of beer to his father, to have to entertain his friends — us: knowing, wrote the Lord Bishop, Shamus would not abuse it.

It was good beer, although it had very little head on it, very little foam. No matter. That has little bearing on the story, and I suppose getting shook up on the way from the Wild West did not help the beer any. You could not expect it to be so good. For that matter, what would a bishop know about buying beer? He probably took whatever the fellow behind the counter recommended, without going too deep into the matter with him.

Well, indeed, we waited impatiently for that second letter. They were very slow in making up their

minds, the holy priests at the friary. I suppose, as Dan Pat Ryan said, that they had to discuss it over and over, pro and con, and by the rule of three.

Larry O'Toole, as it happened, was sitting with us when the letter did come. It was Dinnie Shea looked up in the middle of a deep discussion on the W.P.A., and caught sight of James Kielty pelting along the street as fast as his legs could carry him and waving a long envelope on high in the air.

It was no time at all before Shamus was pegging it up Paradise Alley and into our circle. Larry O'Toole started to go, right away; but the Pope's Johnny Sullivan clamped a heavy hand down on his knee and held him fast. James Kielty had not even opened the letter. He knew as little as the rest of us what was in it. On his way out of the house he had met Bernie Philbin, the postman, and had had the letter from him. Just as soon as he had put on his glasses to get a look at the writing and guess whom it might be from, he noticed O.F.M. in the upper corner, and tore away helter-skelter to get to us all with it.

James was so nervous that he asked me to read the letter, and out loud so everybody could hear it. It was a most tremendous letter. The man that wrote it had a gift for very deep writing. There were words in it you could never hope to pronounce unless you had the good of a dictionary handy; they were jaw-breakers. It went right into very deep theology;

not an authority was missed. As I ploughed through its "whereases" and "vizes to wits" — skipping over the Latin parts, — I wondered just what Bishop Dan could have said to the holy friars.

The meaning, however, when you got to it, was clear. In the last few paragraphs the holy friar dropped right down into plain English, and that was a great help. The sum and substance of what he wrote then was this : that two very small glasses were all very well, but that more than two rested upon the limitations of the man taking them as to whether or not they would enter the farther boundaries of a possible, if not probable, occasion of an occasion of sin. Complete deprivation, said the holy friar, was by no means ordered ; two glasses, he finished the letter, not counting the blessing of the house if the bartender offered it. It was a very odd letter, in a way.

However, it was a clear ruling for Larry O'Toole. I do not think that James Kielty ever expected such an answer. His face dropped as he took the meaning in ; but he was man enough to shake hands with Larry at once and beg his pardon. The Cork side of him came out on top.

The letter was handed around from hand to hand to be conned and examined and studied carefully. It was quite a treat for everybody to have the heft of a theological document like that. At last it came to Larry, himself. He made as if to read it through —

Larry is no reader — then he handed it back to me.

"What is the name of the holy man who had the writing of it?" he asked.

I studied the signature. The holy friar was no penman. It was a good thing the body of the letter was in the typewriting, for I had hard work to make out the signature.

"Why," I said at last, "that's very odd. I make him out as the Reverend Anthony O'Toole, O.F.M!"

"Ah, he's true to his own," Larry gave a happy sigh. "He's true to his own, is my uncle Saint Lawrence. I knew them rosaries I kept saying would clear up the matter. O'Toole, is it? Well, well. But," he added thoughtfully, "did you say *Anthony* O'Toole? Now I wonder how come the Anthony? It's not one of our family names."

"I'll give you the answer to that," said the Pope's Johnny with grave dignity. "I'll clear that up in a jiffy. You prayed to Saint Lawrence. Well, I prayed to Saint Anthony and asked him to give Saint Lawrence a lift — if the matter warranted his helping. There's the Anthony of it. Indeed," said the Pope's Johnny complacently, "it goes to show how the saints pull together."

MEMORABILIA

HE SUN blazed hotly in the July sky; the city was baked in heat. There was not the faintest trace of a breeze anywhere. Even the oasis of Angels' Fold was seared and wan. The branches of the trees about the plot hung parched and weary, and the leaves were dusty and dried. The grass on the lawns was slowly burning yellow.

"But for all the heat," said Ned Meehan to Dan Pat Ryan, mopping his head and his withered neck again and again with his big blue bandanna, "and for all there's not a breath anywhere, 'tis a glorious Fourth, just the same. I wouldn't of come out — the daughter told me I was crazy to be thinking of it, risking a sun-stroke — but to tell you the truth, Dan, the noise in the streets around my house, and in the backyards, had me nearly drove mad. I always thought I had a liking for firecrackers — I've set enough of them off in my time — but this year — I don't know — the noise of them is more than I can stand. With them spittering and sputtering and banging and exploding — torpedoes and cannon

crackers and blank cartridges and what all — I got so I couldn't stand it in the house. I come out at last to see if I could find any peace and comfort over here."

"I wondered would anybody be coming," said Dan Pat. "Sit down and rest yourself, but first spread something on the seat. The heat of the wood would scorch your pants through to the bone. It must be all of a hundred in the shade."

"It feels that annyways," agreed Ned, "but I can stand the heat where I can't stand the noise — at my age. The heat don't make me jumpy, and the noise does. It's quiet enough here, which is a great comfort. And isn't that Larry and Paddy coming along there by the church ?"

It was ; and the newcomers were made welcome as they took their places in the little circle, together with Dinnie the Bow Shea, who came across the lawn from the opposite direction.

"I wouldn't say Fourth of July was what it used to be," pronounced Larry O'Toole when everyone was comfortably at ease. He beat the air futilely with slow strokes of a palm leaf fan. "I was made take it," he explained apologetically, "they wouldn't let me out of the house without it. They coddle me as if I was a child."

"Nothing is. Nothing is like what it used to be," Dinnie Shea corroborated Larry's opening statement, "but especially Fourth of July. In days gone it was

a different sort of a day altogether. In the morning there'd be the parade of the military out to the park, and then some good speaker to give the oration. It's many's the good one I heard in my day. We used to think nothing of having a senator or a big cabinet man or someone like that come down to give the oration on a Fourth of July. And in the afternoon there'd be the Horribles parade. That was another old custom. But sure all that is changed ; all that is gone. They don't even have fireworks nowadays."

"Then if you lived on my street, you'd have fireworks enough and to spare," quavered Ned Meehan. "They've been at it since early morn. You can't hear yourself think for the racket. Come over to my place, and you'll hear fireworks !"

"You'll be meaning fire-*crackers*, Ned," corrected Dinnie, mildly, "but what I had in mind was fire-*works*, the kind they used to set off down at the foot of the park come nightfall : sky rockets, and bombs bursting in air, and shooting stars, all colors of the rainbow. And set-pieces. It was of set-pieces I was thinking in particular. Like one time they had the Battle of Manila Bay and the likeness of Admiral Dewey, and another time they had George Washington as plain as he is on the stamp. The Burning of Rome was another one, and the Chicago Fair ; they all come out very clear."

"I mind as kids we used to be given a nickel on the

Fourth to buy the first bag of cherries of the season. That was the great treat on the Fourth," recollected Paddy Dailey, "a whole five cents to yourself and a big bag of cherries; and maybe — if the father were flush — another nickel to buy one of them brown tin fishhorns. But sure, the children today would be apt to be insulted if you handed them anything less than half a dollar. They're patriotic enough, I suppose, but in a different way."

"Who would you say, lads?" Ned Meehan propounded the question. You could see by the artful look in his eye that he hoped it would be a "sticker," and lead into one of the long, tortuous discussions that he loved, "Who would you say now, was the most patriotic American that ever lived?"

"I'd say George Washington, right off the bat," was Dan Ryan's quick answer.

"What about Christopher Columbus? Didn't he discover us?" spoke up Paddy Dailey, who as a Fourth Degree Knight was ever anxious to impress upon everyone the great and pure Americanism of the Order.

"Would you mention Thomas Jefferson or Grover Cleveland in that category?" asked Ned slyly, leading the discussion on.

"They were all good men," Larry O'Toole said his mind firmly, "but more than any of them, *I'd* pump for Abraham Lincoln. Compared to him all the

others – great and good men as they were – would be but very small potatoes, and few in a hill."

"Me, too," agreed Dinnie the Bow. He had spoken longer than was his shy wont earlier in the afternoon. He was now content to be his own monosyllabic self for the rest of the day.

"I dunno's but you're right," Ned assented thoughtfully, a little chagrined that the pat answer had come so quickly, but noble about it, withal. "Yes, I guess Lincoln would be the most patriotic, at that."

"It's Johnny Sullivan would say so, if he was alive today," asserted Larry O'Toole stoutly, "and the Pope's Johnny had the knowing of him, which is more than the rest of us can say about Washington or Columbus, or any of the others you've mentioned."

"I saw Grover Cleveland once – very close to," said Dinnie proudly.

"But that wouldn't be really *knowing* him," Larry explained kindly. "The Pope's Johnny had the personal *knowing* of Abraham Lincoln. I had the story from him, the whole complete story."

"I guy, that's right. You promised to tell it. I don't know how I escaped the hearing of it, but I never did hear that story," said old Ned eagerly. " 'Twould be patriotic to listen to a story about Abraham Lincoln on the Fourth of July, and with Johnny

Sullivan in it, it would drive the thoughts of this awful heat away — if annything could," he added, fanning himself helplessly with his straw hat.

"Well, of course," Larry O'Toole began the story, "you all know, so there's no use my going over it, that the Pope's Johnny went off to the War when he was a very young lad, signed right up he did as soon as anybody the whole country over. He was Johnny-on-the-spot the minute President Lincoln sent out the call for volunteers. Right away up to Boston he went — as soon as the word reached town, by the old stage that ran from Millington then — and joined up with the Massachusetts Ninth Regiment under Colonel Cass. That was the Irish Ninth, as you all know well, a regiment — let me tell you ! — that saw hard fighting before it was through and was in the thick of the hardest. And where the fighting was thickest and the odds greatest, there — you could bet your boots — was our own Johnny Sullivan.

"I never had that from *him*, mind. Johnny was no one at all to be blowing his own horn. But I had it from others. When the enemy would come over the hill or around through the woods, thicker than fiddlers in Tophet, and would get one good look at Johnny Sullivan 'rallying around the flag, boys, shouting the battle cry of freedom,' as the song very well puts it, then they knew that they had more than met their match, that they were up against a master. And

to make matters worse for them, to frighten the hearts right out of them, they say Johnny, in the heat of battle, had a very ferocious look on him, a face on him that would churn butter, or stop a clock. It would be the patriotism in him rising high, I suppose, that would give him that look; for Johnny by nature — and don't we all know it! — was as mild as May, and very goodhearted; the like of a man who would step clear over an ant if it got in his path.

"Yes, Johnny was very young when he joined the Ninth and went into camp with the regiment — on Long Island in the harbor of Boston — very early in the spring of '61. It was on the third day of May that the President, Mr. Lincoln, sent out his call for volunteers. The Ninth was already well organized and by June were all set to go right off to the War. And mark you well — for Johnny himself always made a point of it — it was the three flags the regiment carried: the country's flag, the great Stars and Stripes; the flag of the Commonwealth with the Indian; and the old immortal green with the crownless harp and the wolf hounds of Ireland. 'Gentle when stroked, but fierce when provoked' is what was writ on the flag under the hounds; and this other motto was on the flag, too: 'As Aliens and Strangers Thou Did'st Us Befriend; As Sons and True Patriots We Do Thee Defend.' And what's more the regiment carried its own parish priest with it — Father Scully,

by name, and a lovely, fine man, by all accounts. About the flag and the priest, is something people are only too likely to forget, not knowing history; but as the Pope's Johnny always said, if you once got started — in that Army — counting prayer beads, and men blessing themselves before they'd dash into a battle, you'd have a year's work cut out for you. He found that true all along the line from Yorktown to the Wilderness.

"Another thing. With the big part Johnny Sullivan took in winning the War it was no real wonder, but it might be looked on as a strange coincidence just the same. The day the regiment sailed on the Ben de Ford for Washington to get their licks in against the enemy was the twenty-fourth of June. Wouldn't you call that an omen from Heaven? The Eve of St. John's Day, the saint who was Johnny Sullivan's own patron.

"It was with having such saintly protection — and the close watchfulness of his Guardian Angel over him — that the Pope's Johnny got through a whole year of hard fighting without so much as a scratch. Even when the minie balls were shooting in on him, as if he were a lone target standing in a field, as if there was no one else worth hitting in the Union army — sure, he dodged them, every one. The crack sharpshooters on the other side used to throw down their guns in disgust, when — after nine or ten tries,

mind you — they couldn't so much as nick Johnny Sullivan. They couldn't come annywheres near him, he was that agile and so busy jumping around from place to place, wherever he thought the rest of the Army of the Potomac needed a helping hand.

"But at Antietam — less power to them ! — they got him. They got him in the leg ; and it was a bad wound. Johnny felt terrible about it. Not the wound, or the pain of it — although his leg was shattered in forty-eleven places — but to think he should be so careless as to let them nip him, and the War almost over. He knew the enemy were counting on that — getting him out of the way, and thus prolonging the War.

"He was fit to be tied ; he was in a great rage entirely ; when he came to in an old barn behind the lines and heard the army doctor bending over him say that now he was a horse of another combat. That's the French way of putting it that he was out of the running," Larry explained neatly.

"And was he ?" piped up Ned Meehan at once, eagerly.

"How could he be, and me just starting the story !" Larry answered tartly. "Have you no sense, Ned ? Well to go on — barring foolish interruptions — there was Johnny on the flat of his back in the straw, his leg packed with lint, and done up with bandages, and the doctor surgeon standing over him, shaking his

head, as much as to say that General Grant and General Meade and General McClellan would have no Johnny to help them fight the rest of the War. I suppose he was a-scared of his life to break the bad news to them and to the Army.

"From where he lay, Johnny could hear the cannons booming and the rifles crackling; for the battle was still going strong. It more than tried his patience not to be rising up and hopping back on his good leg and playing his part. But the doctor, very worried — and still wondering, no doubt, what the high generals would say when they heard Johnny was laid up — coaxed and coaxed him to stay put for a while. And another young fellow in the straw beside him — just from the Harvard college, he was; a Boston boy — who had a wound in his neck, added his own bit of coaxing. So Johnny give in, for the time being. The Harvard lad and Johnny had a great chat that night about the War and about Boston before they fell asleep; but in the morning when Johnny woke up, the young fellow was gone. He was a captain, you see, and they'd moved him to another place with the officers' wounded. Johnny always felt bad to have lost track of him, and he did, completely. He was one of the nicest lads you'd want to meet, Johnny told me, and very pleasant and democratic although he came of a big important Yankee family. His father was a writer by trade and

a poet, and a doctor, as well, the lad told him, but they both thought they had days and days to get better acquainted, so that was all he said about his family that night. Johnny wondered all his life how that young fellow made out. He always said he was sure whatever line the boy followed he'd rise to the top. He would have made a great lawyer, said Johnny, from the clear way he had of putting things. But Johnny, not knowing his name — for they didn't bother with last names; Johnny called him 'captain,' and of course, everybody knew Johnny's name — never found out no more about him. But he often said a little prayer for the lad around Memorial Day.

"Johnny was badly disappointed not to see his new chum in the morning. And that day was a long one. Some of the wounded were restless, and kept up a continual moaning and groaning, and there were big bluebottle horse flies buzzing about very nastily. The place got on Johnny's nerves; he couldn't stick it. He made up his mind to light out just as soon as it got dark, and go back to the War. Bother the little bit of pain in his leg! Sure, it was nothing, and the other leg was sound. But just as dusk was coming down from the sky above, if two nurses didn't arrive at the barn to take care of the men wounded; two nuns, two holy Sisters of Charity, Sister Perpetua and Sister Patrick. That's another thing to remember about those days, how our own nuns nursed the

sick. Sister Perpetua had the eye of a hawk, and she caught Johnny sneaking his good leg out from under the quilt. Didn't she give him the call-down! It was a terrible thing for him to do! Silly boy! How could she get her work done if she had to keep watching a bad boy like him? The *idea* — a young man of his age acting so contra-ry! He must give his solemn promise to be up to no more such nonsense. That's what she said to Johnny; and, of course, seeing who she was — a holy nun — Johnny couldn't argue with her. You couldn't go against a Sister, not if you had any bringing-up at all. So, though he liked it little, he stayed in bed like she insisted until the doctor said he could be let go. Even then the only reason the doctor discharged him was so he could go home and be treated proper; but Johnny fooled him. He went right back to his place in the Army.

"Well, you may imagine, to have Johnny back was as good as a tonic to the Army — from the generals down to the drummer-boys. It was a great relief, and it gave the men a lot of new spirit to know that Johnny was fighting next to them again. And if the Germans and the Poles and the proper Yankees were glad to see Johnny, that was nothing to the way our own boys felt. There was no holding the Ninth and the Irish Brigade now.

"They showed that at Fredericksburg in the very next battle. That was on the first of December, and

a cold raw day it was, with the snow falling. The old Ninth, that day, crossed over the Rappahannock on a new kind of bridge — a pontoon bridge — invented on the spur of the moment by our own John, and lined up on the plain before Marye's mountain. Ah, that was the battle ! There was the day of good fighting ! That was the day of the heroes ! You all know how the Irish Brigade under great Meagher of the Sword stormed the heights that day, with the green flag — blessed by Holy Church — raised on high. The Lord have mercy on the souls of the heroes that died that day, the slaughter of them was terrible, for the odds were badly against them, but they died for their country, and their hearts were clean, for good Father Tissot had shrived them all before the battle opened.

"Johnny got separated from the Ninth that day, but he fell in with the Fighting Sixty-Ninth and did his share with them. When the standard bearer of the Brigade had his hands shot off, and couldn't hold on to the flag any longer with his poor bleeding stumps, it was Johnny took it from him tenderly, and dashed with it up the slope. That was the time General Lee — on the other side — got so mad. 'Here comes that damn green flag again !' said he. It was not nice language at all ; but in a way I suppose he was provoked to it. Wherever the green flag flew, there the battle went against him.

"After that, Chancellorsville in May; and then Gettysburg in July. That last was a battle, with hard fighting all over the field, and the old Ninth — now practically led by Johnny — keeping the Big Round Top hill safe and secure against those wild buckos of the West, Hood's fierce Texans. Johnny, himself, was everywhere — in the wheat field — in the peach orchard — on either Round Top, but spending most of the time he could spare in cleaning out a place called the Devil's Den. And I'll wager the Confederates were willing to believe the devil was really in it when they'd see John rise up out of the smoke and confront them single-handed.

"It was the same thing in the Battle of the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania Court House; as a matter of fact it was that way right up to the day, June the twelfth in '64, that the Regiment was mustered out in Washington, the men having served their full three years' time. The most of the men went on home, since their time was up; but not Johnny. He stayed on for six months longer, helping out here and there; and joining up for a spell with the 32nd Massachusetts Veterans to teach them as many of his fighting tricks as he could in his extra spare time.

"Then — come November — he left them, too, shaking hands all around, of course, for they were terrible sorry to see him go. But he had got it into his crock, that maybe it was up to him to go see the

President direct, never minding even the generals, and find out if there was anything special the President wanted in the way of finishing up the War. So back Johnny came to Washington.

"It was getting on towards dark when he reached the city, and he had a bit of a time finding the White House. He wouldn't ask, do you see, lest anybody might think he was a greenhorn. But find it he did, although it was then very late — around eleven by the clock. The soldier standing guard duty at the front door was very loth to let Johnny by — until he heard who it was ringing the bell, and then, of course, he was politeness, itself. Everybody in the War had heard tell of John Sullivan. But in argufying with the guard before he gave in his name, it struck Johnny that it was kind of late at that to be making a call. He didn't want the President to get up out of bed just to do him the honors. So he told the sentry never mind ; he'd just take a stroll around the grounds, and maybe look in on Mr. Lincoln later on in the week.

"He was roaming about, taking in everything about the White House, by the light of the moon, when he came upon another man strolling like himself. I shouldn't say strolling — but pacing. This man was pacing up and down the terrace, his head low, his hands clasped behind him, as if he was giving deep thought to something.

"Johnny knew him at once. He recognized him

right off by the cut of his jib: tall and gaunt and spare, with long legs and shoulders a little stooped. It was the President himself. Mr. Lincoln it was — getting a breath of fresh air before he should turn in for the night. He looked up as Johnny came near and, when he saw the uniform, called Johnny over to him.

"Oh, Johnny said, he had the saddest face you ever did see, when you got up close to him; such a sad, sorrowful face you could well know that the cares of the country hung heavy upon him. His voice, too, was low and sad. But, Johnny said, he brightened up at once when Johnny told him who he was. He said he had often heard tell of Johnny. The Generals mentioned him a good deal in their reports. He asked at once how the leg was, and if it ever bothered Johnny now. Johnny told him no — except in damp weather, when the rheumatism was apt to show up there — but it didn't really amount to a row of pins, even then.

"Then he asked Johnny what he thought of the War. Johnny said that it was a good war, what little he had seen of it. The President smiled a slow, tender smile at that. He told Johnny he was going to Gettysburg in the morning, to dedicate the cemetery on the battlefield; and that all day thoughts of the men lying there, killed in the battle, had been heavy on his mind. Was it right, was it all worth

the cost? Shouldn't he, perhaps, have compromised with the South and averted the War?

"Johnny grew grave at that and the two men stood silent a while. 'Then,' said Johnny, 'I'm only an ignorant man, sir, but here's the way I look at it. My own people and their kin, and their kin's kin, came over here for just one thing, because over here "rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day;" and that wasn't true in poor Ireland. 'Twas for liberty and equality with everyone else we came — not to be hunted with dogs because we were Catholic, and forbid any rights at all. And I'd say the Negroes should have the same chance. Why should they be made slaves of — because they are black — in this country anymore than that they should try to make serfs of us in Ireland because we stuck to our Faith? God created us all equal. We are so, in His sight. And wasn't it to have a free country like that, that the early patriots set up our government?'

" 'Liberty . . .' said President Lincoln thoughtfully '. . . conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal . . . yes, that is so. Private Sullivan,' he said with another slow smile, 'you have given me a key line for my little talk at the dedication tomorrow. Frankly I could not — because my heart was so heavy — even think of what I might say.'

" 'I know,' said Johnny. 'It would be hard, in-

deed. Because, of course, in one way, you might say the field is already dedicated. It was a cruel kind of baptism, a baptism of blood; but they say the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and I guess, maybe, that same holds true when you die for your country.'

" 'It's true what you say,' murmured Mr. Lincoln with a sigh. 'No, we cannot dedicate . . . we cannot consecrate . . . we cannot even hallow that ground. They did that for us. They hallowed it with their blood, and they will always be remembered — as long as the country lives. It is idle to talk of such a thing as a speech. Whatever is said will be soon forgotten. The thing is, to carry on for those men, to prove that they have not died in vain. The country must have a rebirth of that freedom for which they gave their lives. This is a government of the people; that's how it differs from governments across the water. It is of the people and built by their efforts and for their greater good. I think now I know what to say tomorrow.'

" 'Indeed then, I wish I could hear you. I always liked listening to a good speech,' said Johnny a bit wistfully.

"'But you will, of course,' smiled the President. 'Be on the doorstep when the carriages arrive to take me to the train. I'll see that you are taken along as military escort.'

"And he did," concluded Larry. "The Pope's Johnny rode all the way down to Gettysburg with the President on the steam cars, and mounted guard over him at the speaker's platform. He heard the whole speech very clear."

"It was a great speech," said Ned Meehan, "Johnny was very lucky to get the chance to hear it that way — first hand, you might say."

"He was indeed," the old men nodded agreement. But I, who had joined the group just as Larry's story had brought the Pope's Johnny to the White House could not help but think that, alone among all men in the world, John Sullivan had heard the Gettysburg Address given twice.

ONE OF OUR OWN



F ALL the group of the men of the Old Parish who met on warm, sunny days in the little park called Angels' Fold, and in the winter in the snugness of Paddy Dailey's barbershop, there was one — seen but rarely heard — who was ever content to be part of the background, to be just a listener. That man was Dinnie Shea, brother to Mary Ellen, the crony of Mrs. Patrick Crowley. Dinnie and Mary Ellen lived in the little cottage next door but one to the rectory.

Dinnie the Bow, we called him ; so as not to mistake him with Dennis Shea, the alderman — Dinnie Alderman, or Big Dinnie, the Dennis who was married to Ned Meehan's grandniece, and was a great ball-player in his day. Our Dinnie had worked for years as bow watchman on the Sound steamers that ran from our New England city to New York, and back. It was from his job the nickname came ; and I suppose, too, the long hours alone, peering over the rushing waters, hour after hour through the night, to keep the ship safe and straight in her track, had

something to do with his unusual quietness now he was off the boats and retired. He had got into the habit, no doubt, of being alone with his thoughts. At all events, if any man ever had the custom of silence, Dinnie the Bow Shea was that man. You might go weeks without getting the sound of a word out of him.

It was not altogether the silence of him, however, that his cronies prized in Dinnie ; although that had its points. When you got mighty good talkers like Ned Meehan and Larry O'Toole going full blast, with the Pope's Johnny Sullivan anxious to have his bit of a say, it was just as well to have a man like Dinnie on hand, just for the sake of having somebody to do a little listening. But that was not all there was to Dinnie Shea. No. The qualities in Dinnie that made everyone love him were his humility and his loyalty. He was a very modest man and faithful as Old Dog Tray, as Dan Pat Ryan said one time, although the Pope's Johnny Sullivan rebuked Dan for the saying of it. It was not recognizing the man's soul, said the Pope's Johnny. As faithful as David was to Jonathan, or Damon to the Knights of Pythias, would be a better way of putting it, said Johnny.

It was not that Dinnie Shea did not have a tongue in his head, as they say. He had, and it was a good one. He could talk as well — and as intelligently too — as the next one. It was just that he did not care

much for talking; he had gotten out of the way of it. And his modesty, too, kept him from pushing forth his opinions in the face of men like John Sullivan, who had been personal friends to a Pope; James Kielty, with his son a Right Reverend Bishop; and Larry O'Toole, own nephew to a saint — on the father's side. It would have to be a much bolder and more brazen man that Dinnie Shea to intrude his opinions on men like that.

When Dinnie did make up his mind to talk, however, there was one subject on which none of us ever crossed him, not even Larry O'Toole, who had more than a taste for genealogy himself. That subject was Berehaven, the part of Cork County in Ireland where the most of us, or our fathers and grandfathers before us, had been born. How old Dinnie was when he left Ireland I do not know; he could hardly have been more than a child; but just the same the topography of all the O'Sullivan Bere countryside was as known to him as his own right hand. When he talked of it he waxed eloquent. It was a treat to listen to him and to hear him tell of Hungry Hill and Knockora, of Castletown and Adrigoole and the copper mines in Allihies parish, of the great skill of the boatmen of Dursey Island, and of the huge rocks called the Bull, the Cow and the Calf that stood out in the sea at the mouth of Bantry Bay. He could tell you all about the siege of Dunboy Castle, and of

the long march of the Clan O'Sullivan from Bere and Bantry to the lands of Hugh O'Neill in Tyrone, the time of the Earls; he could tell you how the French fleet came a-sailing up Bantry Bay to free Ireland, and then turned tail and went away again. Indeed, there was little he could not tell you about Berehaven, once you got him started; and well as he knew the country, he knew the people even better. No Sullivan, nor Harrington, nor Shea, that came from Castletown itself clear over to Kerry, but Dinnie the Bow could tell you what happened to him once he landed on this side of the water; was he living or did he die; whom he married and who her people were; and what happened to all their children and their children's children after that. Dinnie had the genealogy of all of it in his head, and he had it all down pat.

That was his greatest loyalty, do you see? And loyal he was, so loyal that, to hear Dinnie tell it, the best and bravest in all Ireland came from Bere in Cork, just as the best and bravest in all the world came from Ireland, which, of course, no one could question.

That was why Dinnie got all worked up, and was very deeply hurt, personally, when our local newspaper came out against Leo Sullivan, the time Leo was running for Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth. For Leo, whose mother was a distant

cousin of Dinnie's own and whose father was from Barnis Gap, was of the real, true Berehaven stock.

Dinnie had taken great pride, indeed, in Leo's rise in the field of politics, from a member of the Common Council in Millington the year he got out of law school to alderman two years later, then to be representative to the Great and General Court, and now, finally, to be the party's choice for Lieutenant Governor. What pleased Dinnie most was that Leo's record all the way was as clean as a hound's tooth, as clean as a whistle. The Pope's Johnny said of Leo one time, I recall, that he would remind you a lot of the Chevalier Bayard in the reading-books, without any fear that anyone could reproach him.

You cannot be in politics without making enemies, that is certain; but Leo's were all of the right sort, people you would not want with you, and no one expected that they could ever harm him. But although he won the nomination for Lieutenant Governor handily, because he was by all odds the plain choice of the people, I would not go so far as to say that the politicians behind the scenes had much use for him. You could neither buy nor sell Leo Sullivan, and the man you could was the man for their money.

It may have been them — I would not put it past them — or it may have been somebody else, but at all events our local newspaper suddenly started a very strange whispering campaign against Leo. Nothing

definite, of course, but very nasty little hints: that he had become very high hat and thought himself a cut above everybody else; that he had no use now for his old friends, except what he could get out of them; and that what fools we would be to vote for a man like that, who, once he had the good of our votes and got into office, would turn around and give us the laugh. That was the sort of thing kept appearing in the columns of the paper. Well, if you keep on hitting a nail with a hammer, you will soon enough drive it home. That is what began to happen in this case.

Very soon, even in the Old Parish where Leo was born and brought up and everybody knew him since he was so high, people began to wonder whether maybe there might not be more truth than poetry in what the newspaper kept on suggesting. It did not take any time before people began really to believe it. Where, a few weeks before, people were all for Leo Sullivan, and you would not dare say a word against him, now you could search the parish from Barberry Hill to the Bears' Den without finding a single man to stick up for him.

The exigencies of the campaign kept Leo away from Millington the greater part of the time before election. He, without doubt, felt that he could count upon our votes; so with a free mind he con-

centrated his attention upon the rest of the state, and went about speaking at rallies elsewhere within the state's borders to rouse up votes among people of whom he could be less confident. Yet his very absence from us tended to feed the flames of our mistrust. He thought he did not have to bother about us, did he? Well, we would vote for him; yes, we would do that much; we were not the kind to go back on our own, no matter how much Leo might have changed toward us. We would give him our vote, but once that vote was cast, one and all, we made up our minds, we would cast him out of our hearts forever.

All of us, that is, save Dinnie the Bow Shea. No matter what the newspaper printed, Dinnie knew it was not true, but a black lie. He knew it, he said stoutly again and again, because he knew Leo Sullivan and knew the stock he came from; a Berehavener never went back on his own.

When James Kielty, who had Cavan blood mixed with his Cork, accused Leo Sullivan one day, to Dinnie's face, of going over bag and baggage to the other side because he was ashamed of his own people, Dinnie walked right away and did not come back to Angels' Fold again. The Pope's Johnny was very put out with James Kielty about that; and gave him a sound talking-to, but even he could not get Dinnie

to return. Dinnie had his own pride. We would see him pass often on his way to church; and we would know that he was going to light another candle and to say his beads for Leo Sullivan's success, but he never turned up Paradise Alley toward us. He would go right by.

We felt terrible about it, and all the worse because we knew what a terrible blow was coming to Dinnie. We knew that it would nearly kill Dinnie when he found out the truth at last, that Leo Sullivan was ashamed of us, his own people; and no two ways about it. For, by that time, we took everything we saw about him in the paper for Gospel. Yet we more than missed Dinnie. It was all talkers and no listeners now in Angels' Fold. You could hardly get a word in edgewise. We all had to have our say in telling, over and over, just how long ago it was that we ourselves had spotted the swelled head coming in Leo Sullivan and knew that he was beginning to get beyond himself.

Leo Sullivan won the election all right — easily. It was a cinch for him; throughout the whole state, in city and town, his plurality was substantial; and he carried the district in which the Old Parish lies, and Millington itself, by a great margin. But now, having done no less than our duty in voting for him, we all sat back and waited for the chance to show him just how we really felt about him. If there was to be

any snubbing done, we were bound we would get our innings in first.

The chance did not come until after inauguration day; but you may rest assured that we sent him no flowers that day to be pushed off to one side, maybe, and hid behind chairs; while the big floral horseshoes from his new society friends would be pulled to the front so as to get in all the pictures. Not a flower did we send him, nor a plant in a pot! We should put ourselves out for the likes of him!

The Sunday following the inaugural, Johnny Sullivan, Dan Pat Ryan, Larry O'Toole and Paddy Dailey were standing on the church steps after the Nine had let out; just talking. I was there, too. When who should we spot, stepping out of his big automobile down near the rectory, where he had the car parked, but the Lieutenant Governor coming along, going to the Ten? When he came up to the foot of the church steps, he sung out a very pleasant "Good morning" to everybody; but not a man lowered himself to speak back, although the Pope's Johnny did give him a very dignified nod. Whether or not he felt the coolness of the reception accorded him, I — in the background — could not say; nor whether he even noticed it. But someone else noticed it. As I looked away I saw Dinnie the Bow Shea just coming out of the church door; and Dinnie noticed it. The look he gave the crowd of us would

freeze your blood with the contempt in it, and the disdain. But quick as scat his expression changed; and he was smiles all over.

"Good morning, good morning, Your Excellency," he called out in a great loud voice. Everyone in our group knew Dinnie was putting it on all the thicker just to shame us. "Well, indeed, Your Excellency, it does my heart a world of good to see you, and to offer you my poor congratulations. You made a fine job of it. You licked the other fellow well, and you beat him clean. Nights when I'm in my bed I do be often thinking of you up there at the Capitol with all the real big men and you as big as the best of them; and it does me heart good to be thinking of it. It does, so. Ah, sir, 'twas a great victory, and you're a great man, sir."

I saw Lieutenant Governor Sullivan reach out both gloved hands, and seize Dinnie's gnarled, liver-spotted hands in his.

"Dinnie Shea," he said, and, I will bet you, you could hear him half-way down the church, through the open doors, "Dinnie Shea, don't ever let me catch you calling me anything else but Leo again. How do you get that way — calling me Your Excellency and sirring me? Excellency is a title that belongs only to the Governor; but even if it were mine by right I wouldn't want you using it. When was I ever anything but Leo to you? I don't remember

it, not even in the days when you used to carry me around piggy-back. Do you remember those days, Dinnie? I used to call you Uncle Dinnie then. Maybe I wouldn't be so bold as to do that now; but I insist on always being Leo to you."

"Bold is it?" asked Dinnie, lifting up his eyes to the heavens. You could see that if he had not been a rough sailorman all his life, he might well have broken down. "That wouldn't be bold. I'd like that. I'd like to think that you thought of me sometimes that way, but a plain man like myself could never stand hearing you say it, high up in the world as you are now. No, it wouldn't be right. Just plain old Dinnie is all you should call me; but I would like it fine if I could, even only to myself, keep on calling you Leo. That would be a real treat for me — to think of you up there at the Capitol, hobnobbing with senators and high justices of the court and ambassadors and all — and me, plain Dinnie Shea, being privileged to call you by your name."

"If you ever call me anything else," said the Lieutenant Governor very gruffly, "I'll — I'll put you across my knee and spank you, the way you used to do to me when I was naughty as a little tad. And what's more, Dinnie, I want you to do me a great favor. Sure, I know you will. I want the men at the Capitol to know the sort of men who have been behind me all my life, the rock from whence I sprung,

my people, the people whose help and encouragement have been mine all along the road. That's the favor, Dinnie. I want you to be dressed and ready tomorrow morning at nine. I'll call for you in my car and we'll spend the day at the Capitol together. You can see my office where I work and meet the Governor and — oh, we'll make a day of it! You'll be ready now — at nine?"

Dinnie Shea could only nod his head dumbly, but as Leo passed on into church, Dinnie walked down the steps as if Ireland were free.

* * *

We wondered, in Angels' Fold, whether we would ever get to hear the story of Dinnie's adventures at the Capitol — the real story, that is; for we knew Mrs. Patrick Crowley would have some sort of a tale from Dinnie's sister, Mary Ellen; but that would only be the woman's side of it. We need not have worried. We should have known Dinnie better than that, to have known he was no man to bear a bad grudge, ever. For bright and early on the Tuesday morning following the Monday he was at the State House, Dinnie came over to Angels' Fold to tell us all about the great trip.

There was not a corner of the State House Dinnie did not see, not a statue nor a monument nor a memorial tablet that he did not have a good look at;

he was in the Hall of Flags, he was in the Senate Chamber; he saw the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth in full session; he met everybody who was anybody at the Capitol including the Governor himself; and he had a sit down for himself in the Governor's own state chair.

He did even more than that. From Leo the Governor had heard that Dinnie was a great hand at playing Forty-fives, and that he was indeed the champion of the Old Parish. The Governor is a very bluff, jolly, democratic sort of man who likes a game of cards as well as anybody. What did he do but send out one of his aides to the drugstore to buy a pack, and then sit down opposite Dinnie — the great state desk between them — and challenge Dinnie then and there to the first three out of five games!

"Did you beat him, Dinnie?" piped up Ned Meehan when Dinnie had reached that point in his story.

"I did not," said Dinnie Shea. "I had my manners with me. I could of, I could of beat him; but I didn't. What way would it look at all for a common, plain man like me to be beating the Governor of the state, and him — you might say — my host? No," said Dinnie pensively, "I let him win. I couldn't do nothing different and keep my honor clean. But he signed his name on the pack of cards for me, the pack we played with. I have them here." We passed the pack about reverently. It was a great

thing to have as a friend a man who could sit down and play cards with a Governor; and who had had the manners, and the wit, to let the Governor think that he was the better player.

I cannot begin to tell you all Dinnie did or all the wonders he saw that day. What he did at the Capitol would fill a book; what he did not do you could put on the point of a pin. But there was one thing he told us that broke down — for good and all — any lingering feeling we might still have had against Leo Sullivan. It was this: the Governor and his Council, to which Leo by virtue of his office belongs, were to meet that day. They have lunch together at a big hotel before the meeting, and so Leo had to excuse himself to Dinnie at lunch time. But he sent Dinnie in care of young Pat Toomey, his secretary, to the same hotel; and had Pat order for Dinnie in the main diningroom the very same meal the Governor and Council were eating in private.

"Sure, plain meat and potatoes would have done me," said Dinnie, "but no, I had to have the whole thing, soup and chicken and four kinds of fresh vegetables, ice cream — and a big twenty cent cigar."

After dinner, Dinnie and Pat happened to pass by the private room where the Council was dining; and the Governor, catching sight of Dinnie, called him in. A big crêpe paper bird, some kind of a duck, was on the table there, as a centre piece. The Gov-

ernor, for the fun of it, tipping some of the Councillors the wink, began to make a mock presentation of this duck to Dinnie. He thought Dinnie was green — but Dinnie was wise to him. He knew very well the Governor was trying to put over a joke on him; but since he himself had put a good one over on the Governor when he let him win at Forty-fives, he did not let on. But Leo, as soon as he saw what was up, became very angry.

"Don't do that!" he said to the Governor very sharply, Dinnie told us. And then when the Governor, paying no attention, just grinned and picked up the duck again —

"I said — don't *do* that!" commanded Leo, in a voice like thunder. The Governor was taken aback, but knowing that Leo had the right of it — for all his was the bigger job — he put the duck right down. And apologized, said Dinnie.

Dinnie stopped short when he told us that. He let it sink in. When he began to speak again we knew very well what he was going to say; and we were very ashamed. "A Berehavener never forgets his own," is what we knew Dinnie Shea was going to remind us.

But he did not say it; he spared our feelings. "You can't beat the Old Parish," said kindly, forgiving Dinnie Shea.

TIME FLIES



HEN REVEREND MOTHER THERESA and Sister Mary Malachy returned to the Old Parish from Washington and the special courses they had been taking that summer at the Catholic University, they had great stories to tell. They had been everywhere and seen everything. The nuns could hardly wait each day for Evening Recreation to gather about Reverend Mother in the convent garden and listen to their adventures.

The Lieutenant Governor, no less — our own Leo Sullivan, born and brought up in the Old Parish — had telegraphed on ahead to our Congressman that Reverend Mother and Sister were coming; and the Congressman, they said, for all he is not "one of our own," could not do enough for them to make their stay interesting.

They went to the White House and shook hands with the President; they visited the Capitol and the Mint and the Library of Congress; they had a lovely automobile ride through the Maryland countryside to Mount Vernon, and another to Annapolis, where

they had a chance to see the midshipmen parading; one day they visited the great Shrine of the Immaculate Conception; another day they saw, and prayed at, the wondrous reproduction of the Way of the Cross just outside the city; and they both kneeled and said the Rosary before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery.

"People were coming and going all the time," related Reverend Mother, "and the guard kept marching back and forth behind us in a way that would give you the creeps. I don't suppose we should have knelt there so long; but, as I said to Sister, who knows but the poor boy lying there isn't one of our own boys from the Old Parish? Some boy I might have taught in school. He might be the Walsh boy. He was reported 'missing in action,' you know; or young Dick Sweeney, who gave a wrong name when he joined up, because he was under age, and who was never heard of afterward. His family never could trace him.

"But whoever he was, I told Sister, even if he were a Holy Jumper, or something equally outlandish, our prayers would do him no harm. He was a hero, anyway; and it might well be that he was some poor boy who wouldn't have anybody much left to say a prayer for him.

"So whether the sentry was worried that we took so long, or not — he may have thought we were Rus-

sian spies, disguised, with bombs under our shawls — whatever he thought, we said the full five decades. He gave us a very sharp look, I must say, in making the turn in front of us as we were leaving. He made Sister Malachy very nervous; but, do you know, I thought later he had a very distinct look of the Sullivans that used to live at the bottom of Fourth Street. It seems to me that I heard one time that one of them went into the army. I must ask Mrs. Crowley. Michael, that would be; I had him in my room when I used to teach Fourth Grade. It might well have been Michael, and that might have been the reason for the look. He might have thought he recognized us; but, of course, he could hardly let on, on duty as he was, and carrying a gun."

On their visit to the Smithsonian Institute, however, the two nuns did meet someone they knew, and from that meeting came their greatest adventure. The world is a very small place after all, said Mrs. Patrick Crowley, when she heard of it. Who should it be but Shamus Kielty's son, Dan, the Bishop — Bishop Dan Kielty, who is over some diocese away out in the Wild West! He had come all that way East for a meeting of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in which he was very high up, the Sisters learned. And with Bishop Dan when they met him was his nephew, Cormac Kelly — James Kielty's daughter, Honora, married a Kelly.

The Bishop was more than glad to see them, and to get all the news of the Old Parish ; and of course, since he was a Bishop, said Reverend Mother, it was all very right and proper to stand talking to him. In fact, you could hardly walk away from a Bishop, whereas with another man the most you might do would be to bow and hurry on.

The Bishop, it seemed, had come to the Smithsonian to see Wilbur Wright's flying machine. Cormac Kelly — the nephew — is an aviator, and he has gotten the Bishop very interested in flying and flying machines. Reverend Mother supposed that an instrument of that kind would come in very handy out in the Wild West — like the Flying Priest, Father Schulte, who hops around in Alaska from mission to mission, and covers the ground in no time. Flying machines are very fast moving, the Bishop told her.

Well, one word led to another, as one word will, she told Mrs. Patrick Crowley, and before she knew it, Cormac Kelly was offering to take herself and Sister Malachy up in the air for a trial flight. It seems he had the use of a cabin plane at one of the Washington flying fields.

Reverend Mother said she more than laughed about it ; of course, not for a minute taking him seriously. But then if the Bishop didn't speak up and start to urge them to go. Sister Malachy had told him that she taught physics, and he thought it would

be a splendid thing for her to have to tell her boys when she got home. He said that he would speak to the authorities at the University and get any required permission, and make it all right, too, with the Mother Superior of their order's convent in Washington.

Reverend Mother said that she demurred and held back until the very last; it seemed such a wild thing for two nuns to do. But when she saw that Sister Malachy was kind of eager about it, and when she realized the trip would cause little commotion, she finally gave in. They had a wonderful trip all up and over Washington and Maryland and Virginia, with public buildings like kindergarteners' toy blocks below them, the farms like checker-boards, and the automobiles in the streets and on the roads no bigger than ants.

"It was quite an experience," she sighed happily to Mrs. Crowley, "I feel I'll remember it a long time. I don't think I'd ever care to go again — it wasn't the sort of thing you'd want to make a habit of — but to go that once was quite an experience."

"Glory be," said Mrs. Crowley shivering, "it's a wonder the two of you weren't murdered alive. Even with all my prayers for the grace of a happy death, I wouldn't dare set foot in one of them things. When I die I want to die in my bed, on my own good hair mattress. You certainly took your courage in both

hands, Reverend Mother, when you did a thing like that. Indeed, *I'd* never chance it."

When the story of the daring adventure of Mother Theresa and Sister Malachy reached the parish, through the agency of Mrs. Crowley, the question of flying naturally came up at once for discussion at Angels' Fold.

James Kielty was very worried about the whole matter. He was afraid his grandson, Cormac, was getting his son, the Bishop, into wild habits. He did not like it at all. He had a good mind, he said very emphatically to Dan Pat Ryan, to write a strong letter to the Bishop forbidding him to set foot off the ground. The idea of a man of Dan's age and education taking up with such strange notions — and in his position. What would people say? James Kielty alternates at times between respectful awe of Bishop Dan's brains and goodness and prominence and a tendency to think still of him as an irresponsible small boy.

Dan Ryan calmed Shamus, but it was all he could do to do it. Dan, himself, had never been next nor near to an airplane; but at the same time he was not without a deal of experience of the upper air. In the old days, Dan had always had charge of the ground crew at the balloon ascension that was always such a feature of the Orphans' Picnic on Fourth of July at Forest Hill Gardens. Once indeed, when

the Professor, becoming nervous, threw out more of the bags of sand that were ballast than was warranted, the balloon rose too suddenly; and Dan on his guy rope with it. Eight feet above the earth the balloon swung Dan that time; and he might have gone higher, had he not had the presence of mind and quick wit to let go the rope. So, naturally enough, in the Old Parish Dan was the recognized expert in such things as flying.

Larry O'Toole, who was present in Angels' Fold when Dan Pat was soothing the outraged Shamus, asked did not he hear tell somewhere that the new pastor, after going safely and soundly enough by boat to New York, had flown by way of an airplane out to Chicago, the year he took in the Eucharistic Congress? We all agreed that that might very well be so; for the new pastor is very advanced in his ideas. And talk of him led us on, of course, to talk of the old pastor, and to wonder aloud, what in the world he would have thought of priests and bishops — and nuns! — going flying through space in airships.

"Then I'll be willing to bet," spoke up Paddy Dailey, who had stopped by for a few minutes on his dinner hour, "he would have gone up in one of those things in a minute — if they were around in his day, and anybody asked him. There was nothing backward about the old pastor. He was very up and coming. Only one thing would ever stop him from try-

ing one of those machines out: the fear he might be hurting somebody's feelings by doing it. The other fellow always came first with him. Why, look at all the years he drove around with Neely Callahan in the old buggy when he was dying to have an automobile like all the other pastors."

"What do you mean?" I asked Paddy. "I always thought he stuck to the buggy because he was so fond of horses. He certainly was very fond of that mare of his, Nelly. He was never without a piece of sugar in his pocket for her."

"The old pastor," said Paddy Dailey, "was fond of everybody – no matter who they were or what they were, be they man or beast. And most of all, he loved everybody – and everything – belonging to the Old Parish. Of course, he loved Nelly. But while he loved her too well to ever think of selling her to a ragman or a fruit peddler or what will you, he could have turned her out to grass, couldn't he? He could have given her an honorable discharge and retired her from service with the free of the fields and a pension of hay, couldn't he? He could – and he would – but for one man. That man was Neely Callahan, who used to drive him around. It was Neely Callahan kept him from giving up the mare and the buggy and from getting the fine auto that was only his due."

"Why, how could that happen?" I asked incredu-

lously. Paddy Dailey took out his big hunting-case watch and flicked it open with his thumb. He screwed up his face, reckoning the amount of time he still had free. Then he began the story, a story I had never happened to hear, but that Larry O'Toole and James Kielty corroborated in every detail.

"Even as a young man," Paddy had heard it from his father, "Cornelius Callahan – that would be Neely – had been very mad altogether about horses. If a horse was in it, Neely wanted nothing better; and if he could not, being poor, have horses of his own, then the next best thing was to be with other men's horses. Just so long as it was horses, it suited Neely. So, just as soon as he was old enough to leave school, he got himself a job as stable boy for Frank Curran. Frank, at that time, had the biggest livery in town. Well, as Neely got older he rose right up the ladder. He had that great gift for horses, and in no time at all he was promoted to hostler and groom, and then to be head stable man, a good job in those days.

"But he was very ambitious, was Neely. So what did he do, when he had the money saved, but buy a horse and a hack of his own, and hire them both out, with himself as driver, for weddings and funerals, and to take people up and down from the depot? Neely did well at the hacking," said Paddy, "for he kept his horse currycombed to the last hair always,

his hack so glossy in its paint that you could see your face in it, and his harness rubbed and shined to a fare-thee-well. And he got the customers. They used to say that President Cleveland always kept his eye out for Neely when he would get off the train at the depot on his way down to the Cape to go fishing with Joe Jefferson. Lotta Crabtree rode with Neely always when she would come to the Academy ; Edwin Booth was another one — and Admiral Dewey, he rode with Neely one time. The best always took pains to ride with Neely Callahan. Even at a funeral it was always his hack was chosen to carry the family and lead off the cortege, after the hearse and the bearers.

"But as Neely began to get along in years — like anybody else — steady hacking got to be too much for him, with his rheumatism and all. It was a very wearing job, with all that Neely put into it. So when the job of sexton here at the church fell open, Neely was glad to take it. The duties were light enough, taking care of the fires in the winter and seeing that the church floors were kept clean. Keeping an eye on the property generally, that was all it amounted to. That and the job that was no task, but a joy, for a man like Neely, taking care of the mare, Nelly, and driving the old pastor out when he had a distant sick call or an errand away across the town.

"Neely," Paddy continued, "was more than in his element as sexton. He still had a horse to do with, do you see; and at the same time the job of sexton held a great deal of authority in the parish. And Neely made the most of it. It was he who laid down most of the rules — unbeknownst, of course, to the old pastor — about what people should do and what they shouldn't. It was him decreed that the red carpet could only go down for a bride having a Solemn Mass, and that at funerals the men who drove hack should sit quiet on their boxes instead of congregating together and talking, and maybe smoking on the curb. He was a great martinet, was Neely. He took his job very seriously and he was very cranky about it, too. It was as much as your life was worth to ever cross him.

"Everything went well until automobiles started to come in. The first few horseless carriages, which was what we called them then, that appeared in the city, gave Neely nothing more than a big laugh. They didn't bother him at all. He thought that they were nothing more than a fad, like the bicycle, and wouldn't last. People would soon get tired of them, with their steam and their smoke and their noise.

"For a good while no one in the Old Parish thought of getting one of them. They were so new-fangled that they were outlandish, everyone thought. Then

Dr. Michael Skelly bought a Stanley Steamer. Neely was disgusted. He had little use for the doctor after that — giving up his smart dogcart for a 'steam engine without tracks'; but he was not really nettled until the Fahey girls, whose mother owned a great deal of property down 'below the hill,' up and gave their good money for an electric runabout. It was then he started to fulminate, when you'd meet him, about people 'with big ideas and little sense.' It was he coined that phrase you often hear today, 'a fool and his money are soon parted!' He said that when Mike Casey, the butcher, bought a Stevens-Duryea; and he kept on saying it — until it got to be a password — when the Costellos and the Colberts and the Connorses all got their cars.

"To hear Neely carry on about them all," said Paddy chuckling, "was a caution. It was! There was little enough he could do about it; but what he could, he did. When Mamie and Cassie O'Brien came to church one Sunday all decked out in linen dusters and veils tied over their hats, ready for a ride to Sandy Beach after Mass, he put his foot down at once. He made a leap after them from his place in the vestibule; and not a bit of it would he let them enter the church until they had taken their dust coats off and hung them on their arms. He would have ordered their automobile bonnets off, too, if he didn't

know well it was a mortal sin for a woman to enter church bareheaded; but he warned the two girls strictly never to come near the church again wearing devil's garments. Oh, Neely was a caution!

"With all that," Paddy went on with the story, "it was not until Father Peter Healy out at Saint Leo's bought the new Franklin, and Father Letourneau, down at the French, appeared on Main Street in a shiny Oldsmobile, that Neely began to be afraid — deadly afraid — that the new pastor might take it into his head to join the procession. In fact he worried so much about it that he worried himself sick. He got as thin as a rail and so jumpy that people began to talk about it. He had the old pastor as worried as himself, wondering what was the matter with him, until he found out at last what was on Neely's mind: that he was wasting away for fear the old pastor would buy himself a car, and Neely would be out of a job. That settled it for the old pastor. To choose between hurting Neely and having an automobile was no choice at all for a man like him. Right then and there he gave up any idea he might have had of getting one. Rather than break Neely's heart or give him a minute's concern, he stuck fast to the buggy and the mare until his dying day."

"I should have thought that the parish might well have chipped in and bought the old pastor a car,"

I said indignantly. "I know, when I was small, it always seemed funny to see him riding around in a rattle-trap buggy."

"Ah, we did," said Paddy with a sigh, "we did try to get him one; and we thought we were very clever and cosy about it, too. The old pastor, you well know, was chaplain of the Hibernians. Well, a lot of us in the Ancient Order, and a lot more from the parish, we did just that thing. We chipped in, and we bought the old pastor a fine, beautiful car. It was a beauty — a Packard it was, with gas lamps and the very latest in upholstery. It was a lovely automobile.

"We were foxy enough to know that there was always Neely standing in his way of taking it from us if we gave it to him point blank as a gift. So what did we do but we put it up for a raffle — by the way! — at the fair we held that year in Carrolton Hall. What money we took in on chances we added to the fund — we were a few dollars short of the full price; but everybody who took a chance knew very well that it was all a bluff. We had the drawing of the lucky number fixed, do you see? — everyone knew it — so that the ticket to be pulled out would be the match of the one we had sent to the old pastor."

"Well, then, what happened?" I asked as Paddy stopped and shook his head ruefully.

"What happened is it? Then, what happened

was this," said Paddy shaking his head sadly at the strange ways of the world. "If Neely Callahan didn't get wind somehow of what was up ; and if he didn't coax and wheedle the lucky ticket out of the old pastor, who, of course, knew no more than a baby what it was all about. It was Neely Callahan won the automobile !"

"But didn't he turn it over to the old pastor ?" I asked. "It was dishonest not to. He knew for whom the car was intended."

"He never gave him the car," said Paddy sorrowfully. "Neely was a sly one. He rushed right over to the agency where we had the car on order and got our money instead. Dishonest you couldn't call him ; for he didn't keep the money.

"He did worse. He went right out and bought a new piano-box buggy, and turned *that* over to the old pastor. It was that buggy — the 'automobile-buggy,' we called it ever after — you used to see the old pastor driving about in, in his last years."

"And yet, a very strange thing," Ned Meehan piped up in his thin, high voice. "When Neely Callahan died — he was sick a good while — it was the week after Peter Brady sold his horse-drawn hearse and the hacks. Neely Callahan was driven out to the Bears' Den cemetery in the first automobile hearse, and with the first automobile funeral, ever seen in the Old Parish."

"Times do change," said James Kielty thoughtfully, "and, if you don't keep up with them, sooner or later people may have the laugh on you, like they did on poor Neely. I've half a mind to write to that limb Cormac, and ask would he take me up for a ride. You might as well be out of the world as out of style."

FAIR DAY IN CARRICK

IT WAS, by far, the greatest Mission we ever had in the Old Parish. The Single Women outdid the Married Women; and then, when it came the week for the Men, you never saw such an outpouring in all your life for the morning Mass as well as for the evening services. When Father Justin, the Dominican who preached the Mission, mounted the pulpit for the sermon the first evening, and saw not only every seat in every pew taken ahead of time, but seats on the altar and the aisles jammed to the doors, he threw up his hands in mock consternation. The next time, he said smilingly, that he was assigned to preach a Mission in the Old Parish he would ask the old pastor to run a special excursion to New York and there have the use of the Yankee Stadium. Not that he himself was not, in many ways, responsible for the size of the crowds, for word had got around from the women that he was a grand talker, and — as well as our own — there were men there every night from all over the city.

I ran into Ned Meehan that first night in the

crowd that spilled out of the church, thronging both sidewalk and road, when the exercises were over.

"My, my!" said Ned, in his high-pitched old voice, "did you ever see the beat of it? Did you ever in all your born days see such a mob? Not a man in the parish but's making this Mission, that's sure. Look at them, will you — still coming out, and the Mission over this good ten minutes. I guy," he said enthusiastically, "'tis like fair day in Carrick."

"And what would you be knowing about Carrick . . . and fair day?" asked a voice behind us. "Were you ever there, now? Tell the truth and shame the devil, Neddie." It was Larry O'Toole putting the question.

"I was not in Carrick, no," answered Ned affably, "nor in Portlaw, neither. I'm no 'Tip' as you know, Larry, but a good Berehavener like yourself. Nor was anny of my family ever weavers — not in my time, annyways. No, 'tis just an expression, like they have, one they use whenever there's bigger doings than usual. For that matter, I don't know why they had to give Carrick all the credit. Would they have a big fair there, I don't know? If they said Killorglin now, I'd understand it better. It's at Killorglin they have a real big fair, a fair that's known the length and breadth of Ireland — the Fair of the Puck Goat. That's a great fair for the tinkers. But, sure,

it's just a saying after all ; and I suppose it's the way Carrick rhymes in better."

"I never got to see a fair in the old country, myself," said Larry thoughtfully, "I was too young when we came out here. But small as I was, I can remember for all that — before we came over — the worry used be on the house the October day the father would set off over the mountain road to Castletown with the bonnivs. 'Twas ever the heart of worry to my mother, would he get enough for them to pay the quarter rent or no ? And when he did get his price, and maybe a little over, I remember well the sugar-sticks he'd be bringing us from the town, and the pound of real tea for the mother. For the childer now, it's Christmas Eve is the long night ; sure, 'tis nothing to the terrible length a fair day had for us, a-watching and a-waiting for my father to appear down the road, wondering whether or no he had brought the pigs to a good market."

"A-a-ah, you bring it all back to me," old Ned chuckled tenderly. "A-a-ah, yes. You do, indeed, Larry. The little bonnivs, the little pigeens. I was always give leave to call one of them my own, and I'd do for it, and watch over it, as if it was a pet hound I had. Yes, and I mind well the heart scald used be coming over me each year when I'd know the day of the fair was coming close and that my own little

pigeen would have to be drove off with the rest. A-a-ah, yes, to be sure." Then suddenly his laughter rose high in a cackling peal of deep mirth. "And speaking of pigs, that makes me think, Larry. That puts me in mind of something. Do you remember — of course you do ! — that big fair we had in Hibernian Hall — the Father Mathews run it — the year Bessie Cleary first went to work for the old pastor ?"

"The time her and Mrs. Pat Crowley left off speaking to each other for the whole of a month ?" asked Larry. "Then, I do. I do, indeed. I remember that fair well. As if it was yesterday I remember it. I guy, Ned, the Old Parish got a great laugh out of the two of them that time."

I, too, remembered that famous fair — or thought I did, so many times had I heard the story of its happenings ; even though, as Larry and Ned with their bonnivs, I was but a small lad at the time. But I urged Ned on, nevertheless, to retell the story of the great Old Parish feud.

"Of course," began Ned to me, setting the scene, "it was not a true fair at all in the first place, not what you would call a fair, but more on the order of what you might call a bazaar or a sale. I forget now for what purpose the Father Mathews were running it — whether it was for the Orphans' Home or the White Sisters — but it was for some good cause, any-

way, and we had the hall stocked up well with all kinds of things for to sell and make money.

"I don't know what we didn't have, to tell you the truth. We got donations from all over. Groceries we had, and soft drinks, and whole booths full of doilies and pin-cushions and all that sort of fol-de-rol the women set such store by. And we had the booths all decorated away up to the nines, with bunting and crêpe paper. It was a pretty sight just to be looking in at the hall from the open door.

"Some of the things we had up for regular sale, and others we had up for chances, the way you do at a bazaar or lawn party. But there was one thing we was raffling off that took everybody's eye, and that was one of those same bonnivs Larry and me were just talking about, the cutest little pig that ever you did see. Mike Martin, the butcher, donated him. We had him in a little pen down at the end of the hall, and it seemed everybody who come to the fair wanted to take a chance on him. The pinkness and the whiteness and the plumpness of him drew everybody's purse out of their pocket and unclasped it, willy-nilly. He was a great drawing card, was that little pig. We made plenty on him alone.

"Well, the fair run three nights, do you see? And, in course, on the third and last night of all, along near to closing time, we had the drawings for

the raffles. I tell you it was as good as a circus, the crowd that hung around, everybody looking to see who'd have the luck of the fair and carry off the big prize, the little pigeen. And who did, indeed, but Bessie Cleary. It was Bessie had the winning lucky number.

"Not a man nor a woman in the place with a ticket on the little fellow but was well satisfied at that, to see him go to Bessie. If you couldn't have the smile of fortune yourself, then you'd surely not grudge it to the old pastor. And 'twas the old pastor we knew would get the good of the bonniv. Barring a few little bits Bessie might save out for the aunt she lived with — the Old Lady Cahill — it would be the rectory would have the good ham and the fine roast pork that winter. And that year with the big strike going on in the linen mills, everyone knew that the old pastor was cutting the rectory expenses to the bone that he might have all the more money on hand to give to God's poor. 'Twould be bread on the waters and true Christian charity, we all agreed, for him to have something in the kitchen closet that he couldn't give away, since it wouldn't be his to give, but Bessie's.

"Well, if you ever saw anybody all of a flutter, as the saying goes, then it was Bessie Cleary when she heard she had won the little pig. Everyone crowded around her at once, telling her how glad they were it

was she won it ; and with all the jabbering and all the to-do, the poor girl was soon in a state not to know her head from her heels.

"Old Bat Doolan, who was in the express business that time, was prowling around at the front of the hall, looking to see if the fair's ending meant any business in his line ; and somebody went to the head of the stairs and called him up to take care of Bessie's prize for her. Bessie was that excited, and with Bat never the brightest man in the parish, half of the instructions she gave Bat went in the one ear and out the other, not staying at all. Take the pig to the rectory barn, is what Bessie told Bat ; and she'd hurry along herself to rouse Neely Callahan, the sexton, and have him ready to bed down the bonniv in a stall alongside the old pastor's mare, Nelly.

"Just then Andy Corcoran, who had been calling out the prize winners, came up to Bessie with a little doll pin-cushion that Mrs. Patrick Crowley had the winning of. Andy knew that her and Bessie were as thick as thieves, so he pushed into the conversation and asked Bessie would she take care of the bit pin-cushion for Mrs. Pat, and save him a journey out of his way. Bessie, knowing that Bat would have to pass Mrs. Crowley's on his way to the rectory, and anxious herself to be off and wake Neely before he would be into his second sleep — Neely could be very cranky when he chose — Bessie turned over the pin-

cushion to Bat, and told him to deliver that as well, on his way.

"To make matters certain, knowing she had one of Mrs. Crowley's fine calling cards in her pocket-book, she took it out and gave it to Bat so he'd be sure of the address. It was one of the fine hand-written cards with a scrolled pigeon above the name that were all the rage then — a fellow down at the business school used to do them ; and it more than impressed Bat Doolan, who was little used to such stylish grandeur. He eyed it up and down and across and back, and read off Mrs. Crowley's name and the address several times in his awe of it, at the same time shoving the bit of a pin-cushion into the pocket of his ulster. In fact the card so greatly impressed Bat that even as he went down the stairs with the squealing pig held firm under one strong arm, he kept pulling out the card with his other hand, conning it over and over.

"By the time he had the bonniv secure in the back of his express wagon and had started up the old horse, all remembrance of the fact that the pigeen was to go to the rectory barn had slipped his mind completely, to say nothing of the little pin-cushion that was squashed down in his ulster pocket. He forgot about that entirely. No, he had the pig and he had the fine card with the address. In his mind the two were linked. He clucked to his old horse — still eyeing the fancy card with wonder and admiration —

picked up the reins, and drove off with the pig to Mrs. Patrick Crowley.

"Mrs. Pat — we heard after — was sound asleep in her bed when Bat's heavy-handed pull sent her door-bell jangling. She was frightened nearly out of her wits, wondering who it could be at that hour of night, for she was a great one to go to bed early. For a long time she didn't dare answer the door, but she got up her courage at last and went out. But indeed she grabbed hold of the poker as she crept through the kitchen, and not a crack did she open the door until she was sure the chain was on fast. She was taking no chances.

"Once she got sight of Bat, though, and the pig under his arm, she tumbled right away to what it was all about — her ticket had won the prize of the fair! And was she tickled! That very afternoon the tea leaves had shown a man coming to her house with a bundle, and she and Mary Ellen Shea had speculated as to who it could be. Bat was the answer — Bat and the prize pig. She threw open the door wide to Bat then, regardless of the cold air on her chest, and indeed, all but threw her arms around the man.

"Now, when he put the pig in his wagon, Bat had tied the bonniv's feet with a bit of rope. It was Bat's own rope, and he had no mind to be making a present of it to Mrs. Patrick Crowley, who was well

enough off to buy ropes of her own. Times were too hard to be giving things away foolishly. And in her rapturous greeting of him, Mrs. Pat had completely forgotten the poker was still in her hand. To Bat's mind, she was waving it very dangerously. So, with a muttered word, he whisked his precious rope from the pig as he put it down inside the door and backed away hurriedly, pulling the door to smartly on Mrs. Pat, her pig and her poker.

"After that — from all accounts — was when the fun began. Mrs. Crowley left the pig for a minute in the hall while she went to put a flat iron against the door down cellar from the kitchen, to hold it open while she'd drive the pig downstairs. When she got back to him, though, not a bit would he drive, nor could she coax him. And the closer she went to him the more — like Bat — he took fright at the poker. Once she thought she had him cornered, but all of a sudden he took a flying leap past her and dashed headlong into the parlor.

"Well, that was a terrible mistake on his part, for if there was one thing in the world Mrs. Crowley set great store by it was her fine parlor. She privately thought there was no front-room like it in the parish. It was only the nabobs calling on her, or the old pastor, ever got invited in to sit in that parlor. You can imagine how her dander rose when she saw the bold pig heading in there, as brazen as you please.

"She was after him like a flash. Round and round the room the two of them went then, like dobby horses on a merry-go-round ; but not a bit of it could Mrs. Crowley catch up with the little rascal. He was too fleet for her entirely. And, in the heel of the hunt, if the pig didn't crash square into the easel that held Patrick's big crayon portrait and send it tumbling to the floor.

"When that happened, Mrs. Crowley was fit to be tied. She ran back to the kitchen then for the broom and piled into that pig for fair. And if it was blue murder she yelled when the easel fell, you can well imagine the shriek she let out of her when the bonniv jumped up on the sofa, tracking all over the hand-painted pillow Reverend Mother had one of the nuns do for her one Christmas. It was then, indeed, the real battle was on.

"She went for that pig then, as if he was Cromwell himself. She thrust at him and she thwacked at him and she pounded after him ; but the pig would streel past the blows of the broom every time, and she'd all but lose her own balance swinging it so hard. Round and round the room she pelted after him. Not a chair nor a table but got bumped to one side in the melee ; and, at the height of the war, a false sweep of the broom knocked over and broke her potpourri jar, scattering the browned rose petals to the four winds. In another few minutes they were all ground into

the carpet, making a terrible mess of the Axminster with the pig and her trampling on them.

"The uproar finally got so bad that Nonie Desmond, who lived next door to the Crowley cottage, waked her Charlie and sent him over, armed with his fowling piece, to see what on earth was the matter. The very least the Desmonds thought was that Mrs. Patrick was being murdered in her bed and was putting up a good struggle, for she was making a good sight more noise than the Borden murders.

"Well, Charlie and Mrs. Crowley between them, they finally got the pig cornered and drove him down cellar; but Charlie said afterwards it was a good day's work, and he wouldn't want the like of it ever for a steady job. Mrs. Crowley, he said, by that time, with her hair loose from its braid and her teeth still in their glass, looked for all the world like a witch you'd see in a play. And I guess she was so ashamed to be caught that way that she barely said 'thank you' to Charlie.

"That wasn't the end of it, though. By no means. Don't think it. For Mrs. Crowley was no more than dropping off to sleep again, thinking she had the pig where he could do no more harm to nobody, than the little varmint set up a squealing that you could hear for miles around. Charlie Desmond said afterward his mother complained it was loud enough to wake the dead in Bears' Den cemetery. It was so

bad that Mrs. Crowley felt it her duty to get up and crouch by the cellar door and try and wheedle him into stopping his yelling. Not a bit of it would he, but kept on the harder; until finally the people on the other side of the cottage — a new family just moved in — put in a telephone call for a policeman.

"Dan Sullivan was on that beat then, not on traffic, and for all he's her godchild, you can well imagine Mrs. Crowley gave him short shrift when he came pounding on her door. She sent him tracking at once. She was in no mood to be trifled with, not even to be pleasant. But with one thing and another, although the pig calmed down a bit after a while, she got no rest at all that night, and by morning she was a nervous wreck if ever there was one.

"All this time, of course, Neely Callahan was sitting up at the rectory barn, waiting all night for the pig; and none too pleased to be kept from his bed. When Bessie showed up at breakfast time, if looks could kill she'd have been a dead one. He and Bessie went gunning for Bat Doolan right away. By the time they had Bat's story dug out of him and were knocking at Mrs. Crowley's cottage door, both Neely and Bessie were in very short temper. If they were, itself, then it was nothing to Mrs. Patrick Crowley's rage when she learned that she had spent a wild night to no good, that after all she'd been through the pig wasn't hers at all — but Bessie's.

"Indeed, at first she wouldn't give it up. Not a bit of it, would she. Bessie and Neely finally had to fetch Andy Corcoran of the Father Mathews, before she would let go her holt on that pig. And when she had to give it up, they say the dressing-down she gave Bessie Cleary then would curl your hair. She laid poor Bessie out in all shades of lavender — making out that Bessie had sent Bat with the pig to her on purpose, the way Bessie would be rid of the bother of it until it was time for Mike Martin to butcher it for her. And Bessie gave it back to her as good as she got, Neely told us. It was all of a month or more before they were speaking again," Ned Meehan wound up his story chuckling delightedly, "and the most of us thought they'd never speak again; that they'd be off each other for life."

"Who finally reconciled them?" I asked Ned. That part of the story I did not remember having heard, or it had slipped my mind.

"Who but the old pastor," Ned answered me. "He was wise to it all from the first; but he just bided his time and said nothing. He wanted the fuss to die down before he'd act in the matter. You see, Confirmation was coming in a few weeks, and he had already asked Mrs. Crowley to be the girls' sponsor. So what did he do, after the services were over, but ask her over to the rectory to meet the Bishop, personally. Once he had her there, the rest was easy.

He spoke up and told the Bishop in front of her that they were going to have a ham with a story attached to it for their dinner. And when the Bishop asked pleasantly what was the story, he called in Bessie from the kitchen and told the whole thing on the two of them. But he made it sound so comical that he had the Bishop roaring with laughter, and even Bessie and Mrs. Crowley had to smile in spite of themselves. He could be a card when he got going — the old pastor. The Bishop, when it was all over, made Bessie and Mrs. Crowley shake hands, and admit it was a good joke on both of them. They've been as thick as hasty pudding ever since."

THE GREATEST OF THESE . . .



F THERE is one thing we have in the Old Parish of which we are justly proud it is a good, strong Children of Mary Sodality. Mark me well now, I am not saying a word against any of our other parish organizations. How could I? When our Holy Name society turns out for the seven o'clock Mass on the last Sunday of the month, you would think it was a crowd heading for a World Series ball game, the way the Old Parish streets are filled with hurrying men. No doubt about it, we have the finest Holy Name society in the diocese. And as for our Altar and Rosary — under the leadership of a woman like Mrs. Patrick Crowley it is, of course, incomparable. The cardinal or high archbishop who has charge of fixing the altar at Saint Peter's in Rome could well take a few lessons from Mrs. Crowley and her ladies in arranging the flowers and setting the candlesticks just so, to get the best possible effect on Forty Hours' or Holy Thursday.

However, as I say, for all that, our greatest pride in the Old Parish has been in Our Blessed Lady's So-

dality, in our Children of Mary. It is not just a thing of the present, based on the splendid work that Constance Casey is doing, under Aggie Kelly's aegis, to make the sodality an active, vital force. Not at all. Our pride in our Children of Mary goes far back, to its inception in the parish in old Father Sullivan's time. It has always been our proud boast that the sodality has been the finest, solidest, grandest group of girls you could ever lay eyes upon outside the walls of Heaven.

The Old Parish, in its genesis — before the War — was Irish. The Civil War, of course I mean, for so far back goes our Americanism. The War Between the States is still alive in the minds and hearts of the parish elders. For years and years that Irish flavor of our ancestral origins has persisted, and those peoples of other nationalities who have come among us and become part of the Old Parish have gradually been absorbed into our own Irish being. Our old strict insularity has been somewhat broken by the generations that the Old Parish has known ; but that insularity was once very strong, indeed. Even now, I am almost willing to wager if you asked Mrs. Patrick Crowley about the ancestry of the Perrons or the Meistersons or the Lavagninos, she would stoutly assert that, of course, their people originally came from Ireland — "from some county maybe I never heard of ; not from where my own people came ; but

from Ireland, of course — where else?" — just so completely have we adopted these one-time strangers into the current of our lives and our own blood stream.

However, in earlier days, we of the Old Parish were very suspicious of strangers or "foreigners" of any sort. We even carried our chauvinism so far as to look with pity — and a tinge of disapproval — on the boy or girl who married not out of the Church, but out of the parish. I am afraid we set ourselves up rather high; and what we told ourselves was merely decent pride must have had more than a touch of falseness in it. But we learned as everyone must that pride goeth before a fall. We were soon taught our lesson. That is why, I can assure you, our pride today in our Children of Mary is a salutary pride; for at the heart of that pride is humility.

It must have been just after the turn of the century that the Gross family moved into the Old Parish, and August Gross opened the little bakeshop in the Lannigan block. We looked upon the Grosses with suspicion from the first. They were Germans, and we in the Old Parish had never run into Germans before. The French-Canadians we knew, and the Azorean Portuguese, but not the Germans. At that, August Gross might have been more easily accepted among us had he not — of all things! — opened a bakeshop in our midst. A bakeshop! What sort

of lazy, shiftless people did this Gross fellow think we were, to be patronizing bakeshops? Twice a week in the Old Parish, month in and month out, we mixed our dough and set it to rise, and kneaded it soundly in the morning and baked our bread; and we mixed our cakes and baked our pies, and turnovers, and tarts, each Saturday with the same regularity with which we said our prayers. It would have been a bold hussy, indeed, no matter how slack a housewife she might have turned out to be, who would have the nerve to set baker's bread or a baker's cake or pie in front of a man who had come home tired and hungry after a hard day's work. Bakeshop, how are you? The older women of the parish passed the shop with their noses high in the air, and the younger women were very careful to slip in and out of it only after dark, if they dared patronize August at all. For Mrs. Patrick Crowley, then in her middle years, and our notable parish authority, had emphatically pronounced that, to her mind, the existence of such a place in the Old Parish was no less than a scandal, an occasion of sin to lure women away from their homes and their cook stoves and encourage their gadding.

That was before Mrs. Crowley found out that the Grosses were — of all things! — Catholics. No one had ever heard the like. It was several weeks after their arrival among us that the Old Parish found that

out. I suppose that, in the necessity of tending the ovens, the family had split up and gone to different Masses, and as lone individuals had not been noticed in the crowds that attend all the Old Parish services. But one Sunday the whole family came in full force to the High: August with his fierce yellow moustaches belying his rather mild blue eyes, Frau Gross heavy in black satin, and two young, yellow pig-tailed girls, their daughters. That same afternoon the two little girls appeared too for Sunday school. Mary Ellen Shea had them in her class. Sister Evangelista had examined them in their Catechism and had at once assigned them to Mary Ellen, whose class was very advanced and was studying Extreme Unction. The other girls in the class were all much older than the two strangers. After that, even Mrs. Crowley was forced to admit that — Germans or no! — you had to say that much for the man and his wife, you had to give them that much credit; they certainly had brought up their children right.

Mary Ellen's report on the children helped a great deal. For one thing it kept Mrs. Patrick Crowley from complaining to the old pastor about the bake-shop as an occasion of sin, which was as well for her peace of mind, for I know that gentle old saint would have laughed at her. And one thing Mrs. Crowley could not stand was being laughed at. But at the same time, you are quite wrong if you think that once

we learned the Grosses were Catholics we clasped them to our bosoms in brotherly love. Catholics they might be — but they were still "foreign"; and after all the man did keep a bakeshop. No, we simply let them go their way and we went ours.

Mary Ellen Shea always had glowing stories of the cleverness of the two little girls, Katie and Magdalena; and I think she was a little disturbed that the other girls in her class were not more friendly with them. But Molly Murphy and Loretto Gavigan had been chums for years, and the Kennedy twins and Gertrude Mulvey had always been equally inseparable. It was only natural that they continued to talk over their secrets confidentially together before class began; and to swing off down the street, arm in arm, after Sunday school, heedless of the two strangers. After all, they may have felt that Katie and Magdalena had each other. Jealousy may have entered into the ignoring of the Grosses, too, in some measure; for Molly Murphy had always been a great pet of Sister Evangelista, and now Sister in her eagerness to make the Gross girls feel at home and happy seemed to single them out for her quick, radiant smiles.

As it was in Sunday school, so it was also in the public school that the boys and girls of the Old Parish then attended, the Durfee Grammar school. Each little group of our girls continued the friend-

ships that had grown through the grades, and no circle opened to include the strangers. The Gross girls were left severely alone.

For several years the Grosses struggled along, trying to make the tiny little bakeshop pay. They had a hard time of it, no doubt; not only in lack of money, for the bakeshop was still to all intents and purposes outlawed in the parish, but also because no one ever accepted their friendliness. Frau Gross always beamed and smiled pleasantly at everyone when she came out of church after Mass; but the only acknowledgement her smiles ever received was a primly stiff bow, or a cold nodding of the head. This, despite the fact that Mary Shea, who had actually met and talked with her, claimed that she was a real nice pleasant woman you could not help liking. Frau Gross joined the Altar and Rosary society; but of course she was never admitted into Mrs. Patrick Crowley's sacred circle. Katie and Magdalena too, soon entered the Children of Mary, but for a long time they were the most inconspicuous of the sodality members.

Then one year Sister Evangelista — trying to be helpful and friendly — put her foot in it, in the very worst possible way. When Molly Murphy's sister Anna married Tom Leary she, of course, left the Children of Mary, and joined the Altar and Rosary. Anna, as it happened, had been one of the monitors

of the Sodality, and her resignation left a monitorship to be filled. In the Old Parish it was considered the greatest possible honor for a girl to be chosen as a monitor of Our Lady's Sodality, and to take her place, her snowy veil filmy about her shoulders, in the centre aisle at the monthly Communion Sunday and guide the long lines of marching girls into their pews.

Naturally enough, Molly Murphy expected to take her sister's place as monitor. No member of the Sodality dreamed of questioning her right to the post. Then, out of a clear sky, to everyone's amazement, Sister Evangelista turned around and gave the monitorship to Katie Gross. No one blamed Molly Murphy for bursting into tears when that meeting of the Sodality was over. It was a terrible thing for Sister Evangelista to do! A total stranger, you might as well say. A foreigner! As Molly Murphy said piteously through her tears, she would not have minded if one of the other girls got the post — Agnes Kennedy or Loretto Gavigan — but an outsider! It was much too much to have to bear. It all went to show, the girls agreed, that Sister Evangelista was "down on the Irish." There could be no question about that. But to think that a nun could be so two-faced. And all the girls just bet — in chorus — that that horrid Katie Gross hated the Irish, too, and that she need not think they would ever speak to her

again ; they would not even *look* at her if they could help it.

Of course the story of the terrible bigotry of Sister Evangelista in regard to the race of Eber, Eremon and Ir, and the pitiful humiliation of poor Molly Murphy, went the rounds of the parish like wildfire. Everyone was very excited about it. When, after the nine o'clock Mass the next Sunday, Mrs. Gross nodded and smiled at Mrs. Patrick Crowley, that august personage merely "gave her a look," which should have been a lesson to the woman ; for Mrs. Crowley's "looks" were noted for effectiveness in in making the stoutest of hearts blench and quail. Everyone, in truth, decided that these Grosses "were out to do the Irish in." There was no doubt about the matter : they positively hated the Irish. That was all there was to it. Well, the Old Parish decided, two could play at that game. Not being Irish, the Grosses might not know what happened to Captain Boycott. If they did not ; then the Old Parish would show them. Into complete Coventry the whole family was sent at once.

Katie and Magdalena were in high school then, as were Molly and Loretto and the Kennedy twins. The Millington high school was not in the Old Parish but in the city's centre ; and we knew much less of its workings and management than we did of our own Durfee Grammar school. It had only been a few

years since we had been able to send our sons and daughters to high school at all ; we had been rich in ambition for them always, but poor enough in pocket. Now, however, we had a growing pride that we could continue their education ; we felt at last that we were getting up in the world. Naturally, it took some of the starch out of us to see August Gross sending his girls to high school. If we were poor, he should have been poorer. We felt it was meant as a reflection upon us. It was all part and parcel of his attitude toward us. He was trying to shame us because we had not stinted and scraped enough to have managed high school for our children earlier.

At high school none of our girls, under the existing circumstances, bothered to notice Katie and Lena Gross ; even though now it was our girls who found themselves like strangers in a strange land. It was no more than we expected, however, when one day Molly Murphy came home and told us that Katie Gross was very "chummy" with Roberta Jeffrey, Minister Jeffrey's daughter down at the Congregational. Catholics, how are you, we agreed portentously. "Soupers," said Mrs. Patrick Crowley, at once. "That's what they are — soupers. Next thing you know they'll be leaving us for the Hardshell Baptists."

That same year the high school planned to hold public exercises in which each of the four classes was

to take part – an Examination Day like those held, according to our then New England custom, in the grammar schools of the city. Old Hosea Brigham was headmaster at the high school then. Early one day in May he made his rounds of the four English classes, to choose personally the speakers to represent each class.

When he reached the sophomore classroom, Miss Pease, the English mistress promptly presented Molly Murphy to him. Molly was always a great speaker and reciter. Even as a little thing in the Old Parish entertainments, her recitations of "Marco Bozzaris" and "Give me three grains of corn, Mother," had always brought down the house. It was only to be expected that Miss Pease should pick on Molly. Nor were the girls in the class at all surprised to have her present Katie Gross to Mr. Brigham at one and the same time. Katie was no speaker at all ; but she did happen to get high marks, and all the girls knew she was a teacher's pet. Nevertheless Molly and Katie were the two girls nominated by Miss Pease, from whom Master Brigham was to make his own choice as the class representative.

The headmaster had a book of declamations in his hand when he entered the sophomore classroom. He opened it carefully, peering over his glasses until he found a selection that satisfied him ; then handed the book to Molly and asked her to read. As Molly in-

sisted later, and no one could doubt her, she really did not know what she was reading, she was so excited, so flustered at being chosen, and so nervous; but read it she did, and in her best elocutionary manner — that selection of Mr. Brigham's careful choosing.

Then came the turn of Katie Gross. Molly passed the book to her, and Mr. Brigham nodded in his beard that she should read the same selection. Katie began and read the paragraphs slowly and carefully; but, of course, with none of Molly Murphy's fire. She was but halfway down the page, when she stopped reading suddenly, breaking off in the middle of a line.

"The next line," she said, blushing furiously, but her voice very firm, "I will not read. It is not true."

Master Brigham and Miss Pease looked astounded. Miss Pease made little fluttery movements with her hands. Such amazing conduct on the part of a quiet little girl like Katie Gross was unbelievable. Mr. Brigham cleared his throat ominously and held out his hand for the book. He himself read out the offending line: "The accents of Martin Luther rang throughout all Christendom."

"Why do you question that line?" His shaggy brows knit, and he frowned over his glasses at Katie. His voice was heavy and threatening.

"I will not read any lies to people assembled," said

Katie Gross, her face white now, and her lips pale, "I am a Catholic and I have been honored as monitor of the Children of Mary of my parish. That line is not true. I will not say it."

"But Miss Murphy — she belongs to your church," Miss Pease interposed nervously. "She read that line. Surely . . ."

"Miss Murphy was too nervous, too excited. She knew not what she read," explained the white-lipped Katie. "But I am not nervous. I study as I read. The line is not true; and I will not proclaim a lie."

Headmaster Brigham glared at her angrily, his small eyes snapping behind his thick spectacles. "And why do you dare say that line is not true?" he thundered at Katie suddenly.

"Because," said Katie Gross simply and earnestly, "because even if it rang through some parts of Luther's own country, it rang not through all Germany even. That is my father's and my mother's country, too, and we are Catholics ever — from Saint Boniface's time. And one place I know, I say it to you, one place it did not ring at all, I take pride in saying it to you — the accents of Martin Luther did not ring out in Ireland — ever."

* * *

You can imagine how we felt in the Old Parish when that story was brought to us, how penitent and

ashamed of ourselves we were. There was our own Molly Murphy with not wit enough nor brains enough to catch the line, leaving it to the despised Katie Gross to stick up for the Irish. It was a lesson to us; and we took it to heart at once. The minute Mrs. Patrick Crowley heard what had happened she sailed out of the house at once and down to the bake-shop, and ordered two dozen buns right away — although a batch of her own bread was rising on the back of the stove at the time. It was little enough for her to do, she said, and the buns were not half as foreign as you might expect, she told us, for she had tried one with her tea.

And at the next meeting of the Children of Mary, Marguerite O'Brien rose right up and asked to be allowed to resign the presidency of the Sodality, and insisted that Katie Gross be named in her place.

It was under Katie Gross' leadership that our Children of Mary became so fine and strong. She held the job year after year until she could hold it no longer, and gave way to Agnes Kelly. But I have little doubt that when Mrs. Patrick Crowley gives up the reins of the Altar and Rosary, Katie will succeed her. They are great cronies now, old Mrs. Crowley and the Pope's Johnny's daughter-in-law, matronly Katie Sullivan.

LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED



ARIA KILLORAN and Tim Sullivan's wife, Katie, had stopped in after Grand Vespers for a cup of tea with their friend, Mrs. Patrick Crowley. It was the monthly Communion Sunday of the Altar and Rosary Society of the Old Parish and the three women had just attended the meeting that followed Benediction. It had been a good meeting, they decided, just as there had been a splendid turnout of the society members for the early Communion Mass.

But, indeed, the hot tea was good and welcome, said Mrs. Sullivan. "Getting up for the Seven myself, then hurrying back to get the children off for the Eight and Tim ready for the Nine, picking up after the lot of them, making beds and starting on the dinner, then serving it and doing the dishes, I all but had to run for it to make Vespers on time. This is the first minute, really, I've had to myself all day long."

"I like Vespers," said Mrs. Killoran. "I like to sit back and say my beads and listen to the music. I

always say I get a great deal of good out of Vespers."

"Well — ordinarily — I'd say the same thing," Mrs. Patrick Crowley pursed her lips primly, "but I didn't think so much of the music today, and that's a fact. It struck me that Aggie Kelly was a little bit off in the *O Salutaris* ; she sounded very sour to me."

"Ah, well, what can we expect ? After all, Aggie's not as young as she was once," Maria Killoran said tranquilly, "but for that matter, none of us are. I don't know, I've kind of got used to Aggie's singing, myself. I didn't notice anything today ; but then, I wouldn't. I will say this : I don't think some of those new Masses the choir have been singing lately are just up Aggie's alley ; they don't exactly suit her voice ; but to my taste there's no one — anywhere — can sing a Requiem like Agnes Kelly. I was up to the Immaculate last week to that Murphy girl's funeral — the one that was cousin to the Kieltys and the Ryans, Mike Murphy's daughter. I knew you wouldn't know them, Abbie, so I didn't stop by for you when I went to the wake, but my John is great friends with the father.

"Well, I don't know who was the singer they had, but I thought to myself I'd never want her singing my Requiem. She was a very high soprano, and I suppose it's the way she had one of these very trained voices, as they say ; but she was a good sight too shrill for my fancy. Aggie Kelly's voice may be going, but

she puts a lot of sympathy into her Requiems. She puts a lot of feeling into her singing, if she knows you at all. It isn't like having a stranger sing over you."

"At that she must be a good age," put in Katie Sullivan. "When I first started going to Sunday school she was singing then. I remember well she taught the class ahead of me in the old hall. We used to think she was so stylish. She used to wear those big Merry Widow hats with big willow plumes. Oh, we used to think she was just It. And that's all of thirty years ago if it's a day. It's about time she stepped aside and gave somebody else a chance at the solos. That Delia Lahey has a nice voice, but all she ever gets is a duet with Pat McCabe."

"Well then, she won't, not Aggie!" said Mrs. Killoran decidedly. "And I, for one, don't blame her. It's the only life she has — the choir and the Children of Mary — and if there was ever anyone gave themselves up heart and soul to a church and a parish it certainly is Agnes Kelly. With all due respect to you, Abbie, and all you've done, you couldn't have done the half you have for the parish if you hadn't been able to have Aggie at your beck and call. We'd probably still be hearing Mass in the old wooden church, with no school or hall or anything, if we hadn't been lucky enough to have people like Aggie Kelly, with her push and go, to help run the bazaars and the lawn parties and the St. Patrick's

Night shows and raise the money for all we have today. I take my hat off to Aggie Kelly. I tell you plain, it may have been your five cents and my five cents that did the trick, but without Abbie here and Aggie Kelly I don't know what they would amount to."

"I suppose that is true," said Katie Sullivan thoughtfully, "and it does seem a shame, when you look at it that way, to have her lose out on the choir after all these years."

"What's that you say? Lose out? What on earth ails you, Katie Sullivan?" said Mrs. Crowley sharply. "Who said Aggie Kelly was going to lose out on the choir?"

"I thought you knew," answered Mrs. Sullivan confusedly. "I thought that's what started you talking. The new pastor, you see, is just going to have a male quartette, a paid one, at the High. They say he told Aggie just last night. They say she's all broken up over it. I thought to myself it was that put her off in her singing this afternoon, worrying about it. They're going to sing all the Requiems, too, the quartette."

"Well, indeed, they won't sing mine!" said Mrs. Patrick Crowley stoutly, "I'll be buried from the Polish first. I'll be buried from Father Krasnowski's church before I allow any men sing the *Dies Irae* and the *De Profundis* over me. Over my dead body

they'll sing them ; but not while I am alive to know it.

"Well, I must say the new pastor has an awful nerve. If I was Aggie Kelly, I just wouldn't stand for it. I'd speak right up to him. I'd tell him to his face. Paying out good money for men singers, indeed, and Aggie Kelly only too anxious and willing to do it for nothing !"

"Wasn't it you said she sounded sour this afternoon at Benediction ?" asked Mrs. Killoran calmly. "What are you talking about ?"

"If I did say it, it was just a remark," answered Mrs. Crowley tartly. "Heaven above, you can't make a single remark these days without people taking it and twisting it and making a long story out of it. No wonder if she was a bit sour — the poor thing — with the worriment on her, as Katie says. It's a living wonder she was able to get the notes out of her throat at all. That was the reason for it, of course. I'm surprised at you, Maria, expecting her to warble like a lark, or a bird in the tree, with that hanging over her. I think it's a shame, a terrible shame, I do, too. Yes, I do, I think it's a shame and a pity ; and if I met the new pastor I'd tell him so. I'd tell him right out, that I'll have no men singing *my* Requiem. I don't think it would be decent ; I do not !"

"Well," said Mrs. Sullivan, "I guess there's little you or me or Maria can do about it — or Aggie Kelly for that matter. The new pastor, I understand, is

acting on orders from Rome, from the Pope. It seems the Holy Father issued a law that only men sing in the churches when the pastors could get around to it; and the new pastor is a great one for holding very strictly to what the Holy Father orders. The whole thing is liturgy, my Mary says," she concluded.

"Then I don't care what it is, nor what the new pastor says it is," said Mrs. Crowley vehemently, "and you can't sit there and tell *me* that the Holy Father had anything to do with the likes of this. If he knew Aggie Kelly was in it and the way she has worked for our church, I bet he'd repeal that law. I've a good mind, myself, to do something about it."

"Sure, what could you do about it?" asked Mrs. Killoran. "I can just see you marching off to Rome to tell the Holy Father his business. Where would you get the money for the journey? Are you planning on winning the Irish Sweepstakes? Go on with you, Abbie; you'd be as meek as Moses if you met the new pastor in the street, and you know you would. It is a shame, and I feel just as bad about it as you do, and just as sorry for poor Agnes; but what can we do about it? Although I will say this, I did set great store by Aggie Kelly singing my own Requiem. I hoped she'd outlast me for that, anyway."

"We'll see," said Mrs. Crowley darkly, "we'll see. It's a thing that affects us personally, Maria, and I

don't think we should take it laying down. It's up to us to do something. And I will, if you won't, just mark my words. The old pastor would never have done a thing like that. It's this new man. In the ten years he's been with us, it's nothing but change, change, change. The least he could do would be to let us sleep quiet in our caskets and hear singing that was singing when it would be the last time we'd have a chance to hear it."

Word spread quickly through the Old Parish of this latest of the new pastor's innovations. So, the next Sunday when he mounted the pulpit himself to make the formal announcement, there was not the ripple of interest that might have been expected. Indeed, both the younger women of the Children of Mary at the Nine, and the older matrons of the Bona Mors and Altar and Rosary at the Seven and Ten, received the news of the supplanting of the former choir with cold and grim faces ; but there was chatter enough, you may imagine, on the church steps when Mass was over. The eagerness with which the new pastor had expressed his delight in being able to obey the precepts of the *Motu proprio*, and make the music of the church liturgically correct, moved no one. It passed unheeded. When such a pillar of the parish as Mrs. Patrick Crowley had emphatically set her stamp against the change as a sin and a shame, and it was known that quiet, gentle Maria Killoran

was of one and the same mind, then a sin and a shame it was.

Poor Aggie Kelly! Oh, the poor thing! It will just simply *kill* poor Aggie! How will she ever stand it? It's *such* a pity! So the refrain had gone all week, and so it continued as the parishioners stopped to greet each other on the way home from Mass. It might have been supposed that the Clancy girls, who sang alto, and Delia Lahey and Nonie Reilley, who were second sopranos, would be included in the general commiseration, but they were not. And if there was envy on the part of Pat McCabe, our tenor, and Mr. Gibbons, our basso, that they had not been chosen for this new quartette, they said nothing about it from their own point of view. No; the indignation of everyone was reserved for the sad case of poor Aggie Kelly. Everyone flocked to her standard with a zeal that would have surprised her had she known of it. Those who had insisted most vigorously in the past that she often flatted on the high notes and rasped on the low ones, were loudest now in proclaiming that if there was one thing she had, to say the least, it was a "churchy" sound in her voice that no men — be they McCormack or Caruso — could ever equal.

With all the talk, no statement, as the newspapers say, was forthcoming at all from Aggie Kelly. She had been called away out of town just after Grand

Vespers on the Sunday Mrs. Crowley and Mrs. Killoran had received their own first word of the impending outrage. Her sister in nearby Bradford was ill, and Aggie had gone over to take care of the house. That was the ostensible reason for Aggie's leaving town ; but not a soul in the parish believed anything of the sort. Everyone knew, without need of confirmation, that she had crept away like an Arab, stricken to the heart like a wounded deer ; that it was not the sister, indeed, but Aggie herself who was ill unto death — and no wonder ; and that it would only be by the grace of God if she lived the week out.

The day that Mrs. Patrick Crowley heard that two doctors and a specialist had given Aggie up for gone ; that she had had the priest and been prayed for in her sister's church ; and that she had faded away so, that there was not a pick on her, and that it was now only a question of hours — Mrs. Crowley emphatically decided that time had indeed come for her to act in the matter. Alice Fanning, through the plate-glass window of Johnnie Riordan's grocery had seen Mrs. Crowley and Mrs. Killoran standing by the butter counter, and had rushed in at once with all this latest news about poor Aggie Kelly.

Hardly had the words left Alice's mouth, than Mrs. Crowley whirled on her axis abruptly, and was out of the store and down the street in another minute, without so much as "beg your pardon." It gave

Maria Killoran, she told later, quite a turn, to see Abbie Crowley fly off like that, leaving her tea and her pound of butter on the counter. It was so unaccountable.

Straight down the street bore Mrs. Crowley, her long black widow's veil flying, her face grim, her eyes set. She plunged across the busy intersection of Main and St. Mary's Streets without turning her head or faltering in her step, for all the traffic. Officer Dan Sullivan, on duty at the intersection, blew his whistle so sharply when he saw a big truck heading right toward her that he tied the traffic up in a knot that it took him ten minutes to untangle. Mrs. Crowley did not even give him a glance, never mind a "thank you." She passed along up St. Mary's Street, wholly unmindful of the confusion she had caused. She saw none of it. She did not even notice Dan ; and he her own godson.

Straight to the Old Parish rectory she marched and up the walk, up the front steps to the door, and gave the bell a commanding peal. It was young Father McCabe — Pat McCabe's son, is one of our curates — who came and answered the door. With glinting eyes, and a voice trembling with excitement, she asked to see the new pastor.

"I don't think you can see him . . ." began the young priest apologetically, but Mrs. Crowley cut at once through his objections.

"Indeed, and I *can* see him, and I *may* see him," she spoke quickly and firmly. "Let me tell you, young man, I'm on a matter of life and death, and no one is going to say me 'nay.' Come now — no nonsense! Where is he?"

Impressed by her manner, even if it meant acting against orders, Father McCabe told her, haltingly, that, really, the new pastor was not in; but that if it was truly an emergency — perhaps — if it was so terribly urgent — well, she might try the school.

Try the school at once, Mrs. Crowley did. She was across the lawns and up the school stairs and flying through the halls before the young priest had had time to close the rectory door. She burst in upon Reverend Mother like a whirlwind. Reverend Mother is as old and dear a friend as Maria Killoran; but even Mother Theresa had never seen Mrs. Crowley like this. No, Father was not in the school now, she stammered, frightened half out of her wits by Mrs. Crowley's emotional excitement. He had been at the school, but he had gone. She did think he might have gone over to the church, but she did not believe he would wish to be disturbed . . . she was talking to space she found. Mrs. Crowley's black cape and veil were disappearing down the corridor.

At the church door they met, the new pastor and Mrs. Patrick Crowley. As she reached the foot of the great steps, the bronze door opened and the new

pastor emerged, holding the heavy door open behind him. She started her story at once, without waiting for him to descend to her level. It came out with a rush, a confused pouring forth of excited and disconnected phrases. It was a terrible thing to do, an awful thing — when a body couldn't even look forward to their own funeral anymore. The poor thing was dying by inches. No four men need ever think they could sing *her* Requiem. She'd leave it in her will to be buried from the Polish church or down at the French; and she'd leave the priests down there the money for the Masses. As good as given up for gone, the poor thing was — and among strangers, even if it was her own sister's place. She didn't believe the Holy Father knew a thing about it. Indeed, she had a good mind to go right to the old Bishop — she knew him well and he knew her — and have him write to the Holy Father.

"Dear me, Mrs. Crowley," interposed a gentle voice from behind the new pastor's startled form, "what *is* all this about you and me and the Holy Father?"

Mrs. Crowley now was as startled as the new pastor. The old Bishop, himself, had come through the door that the new pastor had been holding open for him, and his kindly face was smiling down upon her. She knew then why everyone had been so evasive when she had insisted upon seeing the new pastor.

She flushed crimson with mortification at her boldness. She thought to herself, desperately, that she would willingly swallow her tongue if only her excited words could be swallowed with it. She knew she was going to cry.

"Oh, Bishop," she gasped out quaveringly, "I want no one but Aggie Kelly to sing my Requiem. I'd never be pleased or satisfied if she didn't."

The new pastor, completely taken aback, turned to the Bishop in blank despair, throwing up his hands to express the bewilderment he could not speak. The Bishop turned to him sternly, but there was a twinkle and a suspicious flicker in the eye furthest from Mrs. Crowley.

"Father," he said severely, "I want you to see to it personally that — er — Miss — is it Kelly ?— sings the Requiem for my good friend, Mrs. Crowley. The day will be too far off, please God, for me to be here to recall it to your mind ; but I know you will not fail me in my request."

"Thank you ! Oh, thank you, Bishop !" was all Mrs. Crowley could say ; and with no more word of the Holy Father or the male quartette or anything else, she was off out of the churchyard, racing for home to hide her shame. That she should ever let loose her foolish tongue like that, and the Bishop — a real saint — having the hearing of her !

In her mad haste, her head down underneath her

veil which she had quickly pulled over her blazing face, she ran plump into a woman coming along St. Mary's Street in the opposite direction. In all her confusion, she remembered her manners and looked up at once to make a hasty apology.

"Why, why — !" she gasped in horror, as she saw who it was. "Why, A-a-gg-ie K-K-*ell*-y !"

"Just who it is," responded Aggie cheerfully, "I'm just back from my sister's, and she's doing fine. But I went off so sudden I don't suppose any of you heard my good news. I didn't have a chance to tell a soul. I've a new job, Mrs. Crowley. Down at the Polish. Father Krasnowski hired me. I'm going to be organist and choir director and superintendent of the Sunday school ; with a salary, mind you. I was almost crazy trying to make up my mind whether to take it or not, but he was so anxious to have me, and you know how handy the money will come in for me. Still I just couldn't bear to give up here at the Old Parish. I just felt I couldn't bear to give up the Requiems for one thing. I didn't know what to do.

"Anyway — I went to the new pastor about it, and he was just lovely to me. He thought I could do so much more for God down with Father Krasnowski, but he said he wouldn't think of letting me go altogether. He said that he wouldn't think of putting anybody in my place, but he said that the Bishop was anxious to establish a liturgical choir — you know,

where only men sing, and they don't really sing, they chant – and he thought that's what he'd do. He said he knew I wouldn't feel badly then. It wouldn't be the same as if I saw someone else take the job that has meant so much to me all these years.

"But there was one thing he said he would insist on, that I come back anytime anyone wanted me to sing a Requiem. He said he thought I owed that much to the Old Parish. Wasn't that lovely of him ?"

* * *

Do you wonder that for a whole month of Sundays Mrs. Patrick Crowley was missing from her familiar pew at the Nine, and took to going to the Seven that was always known as the Curate's Mass. And that even at the Seven, for the first time in fifty years she did not march proudly down the middle aisle, but sat in the back of the church, away off to the side, screened from view by the confessionals.

HEART TO HEART SPEAKS



HEN after dinner on Thanksgiving Day, the elder statesmen of the Old Parish wandered one by one into the back room of Peter Brady's undertaking shop — their favorite place for a chat on cool autumn and winter afternoons — the talk naturally turned to the subject of food. With just himself and the sister, Mary Ellen, left of what was once a large family, Dinnie the Bow Shea confessed apologetically that they had enjoyed a fowl for dinner rather than a turkey; and there was great discussion then as to which had the tenderest meat.

The Pope's Johnny Sullivan, as a Civil War veteran and a great patriot, was a strong upholder of American tradition. "Tender or tough," said he firmly, "a turkey is what you should have, and I'm a bit surprised at you, Dinnie, to slip up on a thing like that. It's the principle of the thing, I mind. I guess the Pilgrim fathers could have had their fill of fowl on Thanksgiving if they had felt like it; but it was always the principle of the thing with them, so they chose the true American bird for their table that

day. That was the turkey, do you see? And I think it's up to us who are old-timers here to keep up their ideals. If you were a newly-come-over, Dinnie, it would be different; you could let a thing like that slip — because you wouldn't know better; but not us, Dinnie. It should be a sacred obligation to true Americans like us.

"Mind, Dinnie, I know well how long a turkey would last at your house, with just the two of you to be picking at it; but even at that, I do think you could have made the sacrifice and had a turkey. It keeps well and it makes very tasty hash."

"Ah, well," said Ned Meehan pacifically, "maybe it was only that the Pilgrims in them days didn't have no hens, and that's why they hit upon turkey."

"No such thing," said the Pope's Johnny emphatically, "of course they had hens. Where do you think the Plymouth Rocks we have today come from? They're lineal descendants of the Pilgrim hens, you might know. Indeed, they had hens, but when it come to a question of what they should eat on a true American holiday, they picked turkey; for whatever hens they had would have come over in the boat with them from England. Not that you could hold that against the hens; but it's the turkey is American born. And I've no doubt the Pilgrim fathers took all that into consideration."

"Well, anyway," said Paddy Dailey chuckling,

"it's 'Cape Cod turkey' we'll all be having tomorrow, the whole lot of us. Thursday for the feast, Friday for the fast. Codfish for us tomorrow, and the turkey hash with our beans come Saturday."

It was the talk of food that brought up the story of the time that the old pastor entertained His Eminence the Cardinal at the rectory. The old pastor is dead now these many years and the Cardinal preceded him to Heaven by as many years again, so the tale may be told in print as the old men told it on Thanksgiving Day, in Peter Brady's back room.

Long years before the happenings in the story, His Eminence the Cardinal had been a fellow-student of the old pastor at the *Grande Séminaire* in Montreal. They had taken minor orders together, and although they had been adopted by different dioceses and their paths since ordination had grown widely apart, their friendship had continued through the years.

In the spring of the story, the Cardinal had come North to receive a degree, *honoris causa*, from Holy Cross College in the western part of our state, and to deliver the Commencement address. He made the trip by automobile and carefully arranged his schedule so that he might spend at least one day, informally and at his ease, with his dear friend, our old pastor. I know that the Bishop when he heard that His Eminence was to be in the city, wanted very much to entertain him at the episcopal residence in a

manner befitting his state; but the Cardinal made it very plain that this was no visit of state nor ceremony, merely a longed-for chance to rest and relax in the affectionate companionship of his old friend.

Well aware of the Cardinal's wishes, the old pastor vetoed at once, and as sternly as he could — he was mildness personified — every plan that the officious, both inside and outside the parish, brought to him for the greater honoring of his guest. No parades, no processions, no flags nor bunting, no triumphal arches, no little girls wreathed in smilax presenting nosegays — nothing! His Eminence was coming to the Old Parish not as a prince of the Church, but as his old and dear friend, and the Cardinal's expressed wish for complete privacy was to be respected and catered to in every possible way.

That pronouncement of the old pastor — from the pulpit on Sunday — was laid heavily on the shoulders of everyone in the parish; but of course at all times there is one exception — to prove the rule. Neely Callahan — Neely the sexton, who drove the old pastor's buggy, was not excepted; for Neely had been quickly ordered to abandon his cherished idea of braiding the mare Nelly's mane and tail in ribbons of cardinal red. Neely was no more exempt than the rest of us.

However, an injunction even so drastic and sweeping as to include Neely Callahan in its provisions had

no weight at all when it came to Bessie Cleary. Bessie was at that time housekeeping at the rectory, and the material comfort of His Eminence during his stay would naturally enough depend upon Bessie's ministrations.

It was a terrible responsibility for any girl, but Bessie, indeed, was more than equal to it. She was noted in a parish of good housekeepers as being one of the best; and as a cook you would have to go far and search long to beat her. Bessie was bound and determined to leave no stone unturned so that His Eminence might have as fine meals as he would enjoy at home in his own palace or dining out with the great and the grand of this earth.

Once she knew for certain that he was truly coming, she started making ready for the day. Not a woman in the parish that was known to have great luck with certain dishes, but Bessie looked her up and got the recipes; not a bookshop in town but was cleared of its stock of fancy cook books. Bessie even bought one book written in French, and gave the little Larkin girl, who took French from the Madames, fifty cents a night to come in and translate it for her. And on one of her afternoons off she made a special trip to Boston and dined at the Parker House, just to see if she could pick up any ideas there.

No one knew just how long His Eminence would stay; but long before he was due, Bessie had menus

prepared for meals enough to last a full month ; and for days ahead she had Johnnie Riordan, the grocer, as nervous as a witch with her worrying lest, when the time came, he have no head of lettuce crisp enough or joint lean enough to set before a man like the Cardinal.

The like of the meals Bessie had planned were a continuing source of wonder in the Old Parish ; dishes you never heard tell of, delicacies a king would not sniff at if they were set before him. Night after night, Mrs. Patrick Crowley popped in at the rectory to learn just what new dish Bessie had thought up during the day, and relayed the news breathlessly to her cronies, Maria Killoran and Mary Shea the next morning, while they shook their heads in amazement at the wonder of it all. It soon was the considered consensus of opinion in the Old Parish that neither Sherry nor Delmonico would have anything on Bessie Cleary when she placed the food on the table before the Cardinal ; that alongside our Bessie their gastronomic noses would be completely out of joint.

Fortunately, for her own pride in the great task before her, Bessie kept secret from the old pastor the extraordinary preparations she was making. His own orders to her had been very casual. He had great simplicity. His Eminence, he told Bessie, was a very plain eater, not greatly interested in food.

"Just one of your ordinary good meals will do very

well," the old pastor said. "I don't want his visit to make any more work for you; nor would he. Just whatever you happen to have in the house, or see fresh at the market. I'll just leave it to your own good judgment. Just so we don't go hungry," he smiled.

Leaving it to Bessie's judgment was all that she wanted, and even more than she had hoped for. She had been a little worried all along for fear the old pastor might intrude a few ideas of his own. He never did, but took what was set before him, thankfully. Still you never could tell. Now, Bessie felt, she could go the limit.

She tossed her head with a sniff in telling Mrs. Patrick Crowley what the old pastor had said about "one of your ordinary good meals." It was a nice tribute, of course; it showed the old pastor thought well of her, and knew that she always did the best she could; but, as she told Mrs. Crowley with great emphasis, she would never dare show her face again in the parish if she could not and did not set down before His Eminence as fine a meal as ever he tasted, the kind of a meal he would be used to back home. She owed at least that much to the parish, Bessie said proudly, not to have him think for a moment that he had come among a lot of wild barbarians who did not know the difference between a squab and a guinea hen.

Mrs. Crowley, who confessed to herself — but to herself only — that she, for one, would be hard put to it to know the difference, offhand, unless squabs were young guinea hens or vice versa, was tremendously impressed. It was a lucky day for the parish, she told Mary Ellen Shea, that they had a woman like Bessie at the head of things, in a position to do the parish great credit.

Bessie's planning and preparing made the days speed by, until His Eminence finally was due on the morrow. That afternoon came tragedy. Bessie made a hurried trip downtown for some last minute purchases. Her mind was on the Cardinal and not on where she was going, and she stepped jauntily off the curb of St. Mary's Street directly in front of an oncoming truck. The driver jammed on his brakes at once, and brought the truck to a halt; but he could not avoid striking Bessie. She was flung back against the curbing — bruised and unconscious.

Dan Murphy, on traffic duty at the corner, dashed up at once. As soon as he saw who it was, and that she showed no signs of coming-to, he put in a quick call for the ambulance, and had Bessie rushed off to the Sisters' hospital. Her injuries, upon examination, turned out to be slight, merely bruises; but she was so badly shaken up, and for fear of possible concussion of the brain, it was thought wise to keep her in the hospital for further observation.

Bessie did not "live in" at the rectory. She made her home with her old Aunt Bridget, the Old Lady Cahill. The old pastor, as soon as the news reached him, went at once to their little tenement to reassure the old lady of her niece's well-being. In the emergency then, it was to the Aunt Bridget he turned; and it was she he asked, rather than Mrs. Patrick Crowley, Aggie Kelly or Mary Shea, to cook for the Cardinal and himself for the next few days.

Mrs. Crowley was all but fit to be tied when she heard that. To think of such a chance being so near, and then missing it! She took it as a personal affront that the old pastor had not come to her at once. "That's what I get for slaving at coffee suppers and strawberry festivals for forty years; that's all the thanks I get," she told herself bitterly.

And Bessie, when she had regained consciousness, was so upset and hysterical at her folly in getting knocked down, and the enormity of her offense in deserting the old pastor and the parish in their hour of need, that the nuns could not quiet her; and the doctor finally had to order a sedative.

So that with Mrs. Crowley, who knew all Bessie's plans to a "T," sulking in her tent, and Bessie drugged into sleep when the Aunt Bridget visited the hospital for instructions, there was no one to give the old lady any information about what Bessie might have had in mind for His Eminence's entertainment.

Not that the old lady minded in the least. It was her private opinion that Bessie had gotten a bit flighty over the whole business. She was very deaf; and the little that Bessie had been able to scream into her ears about mushrooms and guinea hen and wafer slices of ham marinated in sherry she had dismissed, in her own mind, as a whole lot of nonsense. Plain food, well cooked, and lots of it, was what men wanted. She knew that well enough; she had had men of her own to do for, in her day.

So when she put on her bonnet and beaded black cape the next morning to go over to the rectory and make the breakfast, she did so with no qualms. She had an undying respect for anyone so high up and so great as a Cardinal; but she also knew well that no fault could be found with her ability as a good plain cook. Her father, who was a notoriously fussy eater, had always been satisfied in years gone by. And if she had suited her father, she could suit anyone, she was positive. It all depended, indeed, on what foodstuffs Bessie had gotten in from the market. Whatever was in the pantry she would cook, and cook well.

His Eminence, as it happened, arrived after breakfast. He stayed but the one day, leaving after Mass and breakfast the next morning. The day was a day of torture for Bessie Cleary. She twisted and turned on her hospital bed until she had Sister Ignatius nearly distracted. Not a word came from the rec-

tory, and Mrs. Crowley, who bobbed in at the hospital in the course of the afternoon, had had but a hasty glimpse of His Eminence walking with the old pastor in the rectory garden. She had no idea how the Aunt Bridget was making out in the kitchen; and that, of course, was all that Bessie wanted to know.

It was not until nearly noon the next day, when the Cardinal had taken his leave and the breakfast dishes and the beds were done, that the Old Lady Cahill had a chance to slip away to the hospital, and tell her desperately awaited story. Mary Ellen Shea was sitting with Bessie at the time. It was through her brother, Dinnie, that we heard the whole tale.

Bessie, Mary Ellen told him, gave a leap in the bed just as soon as the old lady put her head in the door.

"What kept you, Auntie Bridget; what kept you?" she cried at once. "Couldn't you know I'd be nearly dead with the worry to know how things turned out? How did you make out? Did you find everything? Did you find the ham? And the *brioches?* Did you find them in the breadbox? And the *petit fours* — in the cakebox? And the wine down cellar? Was everything all right? Was he pleased?"

The Old Lady Cahill loosened her bonnet strings slowly, and sat down. "I found the ham," she said tranquilly, "answering your questions one by one."

"And did you bake it, and cut it up in thin slices, and let it soak in the wine, and serve it that way on the lettuce for his luncheon?" asked Bessie eagerly.

The old lady looked at her. "I did not," she said firmly, "I did no such thing," she said, "I didn't bake it. Indeed, I boiled it — and with as nice a head of cabbage as I could get at the last minute from Johnnie Riordan. What on earth got into you, that you didn't think to order the cabbage?" she catechized her niece severely.

"You — you boiled it — with cabbage?" Bessie's voice was a moan.

"I did, of course. They had it for their noon dinner that first day — with a nice lot of new potatoes boiled in their jackets."

"In their jackets!" wailed Bessie. "Oh, I mustn't think of it! But dessert? Go on, go on — let me know the worst! What did you give them for dessert?"

"I had no chance to do any baking, that's plain," returned the Aunt Bridget, "but it's a wonder you wouldn't have mixed up a fruit cake, or made some pies — the way you knew there was company coming. I think you were very slack, Bessie Cleary! But luck was with me; I found some hard, stale rolls in the breadbox that I had the wit to turn into a bread pudding."

"The *brioches* for His Eminence's continental

breakfast!" groaned Bessie. "Oh, murder, what else did you give them?"

"I never yet saw the man could make his breakfast on stale bread," was the old lady's tart comment. "Indeed, it was not that skimpy kind of a breakfast I gave them the next morning; but bowls of stirabout, and rashers and fried eggs, and cornmeal Johnny cake that I cooked on the griddle; and the top of the milk for their coffee.

"What else did I give them? Then I'll tell you what I gave them. The boiled ham and cabbage they had for their dinner, the noon-time His High Eminence got here. It's a long ride from Worcester, and I figured he'd like something hearty. And indeed, him and the old pastor did full justice to it. I'll say that much for them.

"Then along about four o'clock, when I had my work done, and a few minutes to myself before getting the supper, I was just sitting down to a nice cup of tea for myself when I caught sight of them walking in the garden. So I sung out the window to them, would they like a cup? I had the heel of a loaf of my own soda bread that I, luckily, brought from home that morning; and I cut them good thick slices of it to have along with their tea. They sat right down with me to enjoy it. And when I apologized because I had only plain butter for their bread — and me, Bessie Cleary, with my shelves filled with jars of

my own grape and quince and crabapple jelly — it was His High Eminence suggested molasses. He said he hadn't been able to have bread and molasses since he was a boy, and often had a hankering for it. He's a very plain, nice, homely man is His High Eminence, as nice a body as you could hope to meet."

"Bread and molasses!" shrieked Bessie and Mary Ellen in one and the same breath. "And they ate in the kitchen?"

"Only that one time," said the Aunt Bridget unruffled. "I set the table in the diningroom for dinner and again for supper, and they had their breakfast off it the next morning."

"Supper! What was on the table for supper?" asked Bessie sepulchrally, her eyes glazed.

"For supper I cut off what they had left of the ham from the bone; there were just enough good slices to go around. And I chopped up the rest of the cabbage and the potatoes, and fried them together in the pan.

"But the same way as at dinner time, I was fairly stuck for dessert. I still don't understand, Bessie Cleary, how you could be so slack as to do no baking ahead. The single thing I found in the cakebox was some pindling little lady finger sort of cookies any healthy man would turn his nose up at; but I turned them into a cottage pudding, and no one was the wiser."

"My *petit fours*," moaned Bessie, rocking back and forth on the bed. "Don't tell me any more! I can't stand it! Tell me, did you at least remember to kneel and kiss His Eminence's ring?"

"I clean forgot that," said the old lady, showing her first signs of distress. "But no matter. I guess it's all right. For he come to the kitchen to bid me goodbye. I went to wipe my hand on my apron to shake hands with him — I was just in the midst of my dishes — but he wouldn't have it. He took hold of both of them, damp as they were. And what do you know?" said the Aunt Bridget happily. "He kissed me on the cheek. I reminded him of his mother; that's what he told me. And she had the same way of cooking that I have; that's what he said. What in the world do you think of that now?" she asked the two younger women proudly.

It was then, related Dinnie Shea, that Bessie and Mary Ellen were struck speechless — for fair.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE; BUT CHILDREN OF MARY



HEN Constance Casey — Mike Casey, the butcher's girl — returned to the Old Parish after four full years away at the college and, after that, a post-graduate series of courses with the Madames at their foreign convents in Paris, France, and Rome, Italy, "there was no holding her," as the old people say. With her grand education and all her travelling about in strange parts, she felt herself entitled to be considered cock of the walk.

She paraded down the broad aisle every Sunday at the Nine, in styles so new that even the movies had not quite got to them; and she interlarded all her conversations with bits of French and odd words in Italian, so that, really, at times, it needed a quick ear to catch on to what she was saying. But that did not disturb the Old Parish unduly. Those things were more cause for merriment than anything else.

For, as Mrs. Patrick Crowley remarked, caustically, "Does she call those things *hats* she's wearing? Don't tell me! Some milliner saw her coming, and got Mike's good money away from her. Style, is

it? Then I've style enough for ten hats like them in my patch-bag at home. They're just left-over scraps, whipped together in a crazy sort of way." And again, still quoting Mrs. Crowley, "It may be all right for foreigners to talk foreign, who don't know no better – although I must say I never saw one yet that wasn't anxious enough to pick up the English so's he could ask for things in a Christian way. But for a girl as well educated as that one, to be talking foreign when she don't have to, that's the biggest nonsense I ever heard tell of."

We could have fairly easily accepted the strange costumes and the frequent "nesserpases" and "que vouley-vouses," but we were not at all pleased to find out that Connie Casey looked upon us all as very close to being a bunch of benighted heathen. I do not suppose that we ever thought that we were exemplary Catholics, but pious and even devout we did feel we were, not content alone with attendance at Sunday Mass, but, in many cases daily communicants. On First Fridays the rail at the altar of the Old Parish church is filled three and four times over; and at Holy Hour on Sunday night and at the mid-week devotions, the church is always crowded.

It was with something very nearly akin to horror then, that we learned upon Constance's return to us that she considered us very poor Catholics indeed. She did not spare our feelings in the least. We

were reactionary and retrogressive ; you might say — all but reprehensible. Why was that ? Well, for one thing, we often said our Rosary during Mass instead of following the Holy Sacrifice in a *Missal Romanorum* ; we stupidly thought the green, white and gold statue of Saint Patrick, given the old pastor on his jubilee by the Father Mathew Society, a great sculptural masterpiece, whereas — Connie told us bluntly — it offended every canon of true liturgical art ; we read Mrs. Sadlier and Canon Sheehan and Isabel Clarke, when we should be students of Jacques Maritain and François Mauriac ; even when we feebly protested that we knew the Baltimore Catechism from cover to cover, we were told, coldly, that that was not enough : we should be as equally well versed in Thomistic philosophy.

I am afraid that much of Constance's earnest effort to reform and improve our religious state went unheeded. We felt ourselves for the most part too old and too set in our wrongful ways to change, and much too humble to think that we could ever match our dull minds to those of the more brilliant and scholarly men of God and of His Church. We knew that, no doubt, Constance Casey had the right idea ; but we knew, too, our own intellectual limitations.

Constance, however, was not easily discouraged. Convinced at last that the older people of the parish

were beyond intellectual redemption, and worsted in every argument by the devout but conservative Mrs. Patrick Crowley, Connie turned her attention and her talents to those nearer her own age. She had joined Our Lady's Sodality immediately upon her return to the Old Parish. She set out now to undertake its management, and to direct our Children of Mary in the chosen way, the way of a more intellectual Catholicism.

Everyone was pleased that Connie had decided to concentrate her efforts upon the Children of Mary. It was a great relief to the rest of us. We more or less resented her attempts to change our own tried and true ways of devotion and prayer, even if we did realize that we were old-fashioned; but we were truly eager that our daughters and granddaughters, our sisters and nieces, have this excellent chance to become more informed and progressive Catholics than we, with our limited schooling, could ever hope to be.

"I don't care what she does, or how she does it," old Ned Meehan put the matter for all of us, "so long as she leaves me alone to say my beads in peace, and to go the round of the Stations, my own way."

"Mary Ellen have a missal book," confessed Dinnie the Bow Shea, "and I got the borry of it from her to take to Mass the other day. She received at the Seven, and I didn't get up to go 'til the Nine, on account of the rheumatism keeping me awake to

all hours. So she let me take the book. But I'm used to spelling out the words as I read, and, by the time the Book was changed, I was away behind. I got lost completely after the sermon ; and to make matters worse the Casey girl was in the pew behind me, and give me a nudge that I was reading too loud. I don't know ; but it's very hard to satisfy that one. I'll bring my own *Key of Heaven* along next Sunday. I could find my place in that with my eyes shut, for I know it almost by heart."

Even James Kielty, whose son is the Bishop out in the Wild West, and Larry O'Toole, related to Saint Lawrence O'Toole of Dublin away back on the father's side — men like them who were high up in their religion, had to admit that they could see little wrong in the beautiful statue of Saint Patrick Connie objected to so strongly. It was all too much for the men of Angel's Fold. They gave up. But even Mrs. Patrick Crowley was forced to agree that it would be as well for the young girls of the Children of Mary to be keeping up to the times.

Connie Casey has great charm of manner. You might not notice it on account of the odd hats she wears ; but she has. The fact that she had been abroad, too, and her stylish clothes, all tended to make the young girls of the parish rather look up to her. Her success in making our Children of Mary a progressive and beneficent force in the parish

seemed assured. Hitherto, for the past few years, it has been an inactive body, meeting only once a month following the general society Communion.

Constance was out to change all that. She wanted weekly meetings; she planned to form a reading circle; she saw no reason why the girls should not be allowed the use of the Holy Name bowling alleys one evening a week; she offered to teach a class in contract bridge; she suggested that the new pastor be asked to give a series of talks on the correct use of the missal; she wanted a sewing class, and a cooking class; she was just full of ideas and projects for the advancement of the sodality.

At all this, even Mrs. Crowley was constrained to nod her head in full approval; and — as a great needlework expert — thought of offering her own priceless services as director of a class in lace-making, crocheting and embroidery. She thought it would be a nice thing for the girls, under her direction, to supply altar linens and fine albs and surplices for the Missions. When that news got around, it seemed to all and sundry that Constance had leaped her last and most difficult hurdle. With Mrs. Patrick Crowley firmly entrenched on her side, whatever battle there might have been was already won. The support of Mrs. Crowley was as good as having an army with banners.

Connie may have felt that, and it may have gone

to her head. For she started then "counting her chickens before they were out of the shell and burning her bridges behind her before she came to them." I quote, again, Mrs. Crowley. Constance, at that step in the game, very foolishly committed a grave tactical error of the greatest possible magnitude. She completely forgot to include Aggie Kelly in her plans. She *ignored* Aggie Kelly! She went busily about from one girl in the sodality to another, stirring them up to an enthusiasm for the new projects that closely matched her own; but she gave Aggie Kelly the complete go-by; she did not go next nor near to Aggie Kelly.

Why should that upset the apple cart? Little do you know of the Old Parish. Agnes Kelly is *president* of the Children of Mary; and has been for the past twenty-five years! She succeeded to the post when Katie Gross married the Pope's Johnny's son, Tim; and naturally then resigned to join the Altar and Rosary. Do you wonder that it was such a blunder on Connie's part to ignore Aggie Kelly?

Of course, as the years have gone on, Agnes has become — well — a little *older* than most of the girls in the sodality. Katie Sullivan now has two girls of her own who belong. But of course Aggie could not be blamed for that. Everyone grows a little older, in time. And, on the other hand, age brings experience, and Aggie Kelly had a great deal of that.

She was always a great church worker, and for years she was the mainstay of the senior choir. The Old Parish, to a man and a woman, think that there is no one who can sing a requiem like Aggie Kelly. She has that certain funeral something that she gets into her voice in the *Dies Irae* and the *De Profundis* that no opera star could ever achieve. She always has a great feeling for the person who is dead, and somehow she gets that into her voice, too.

Aggie ranks next to Mrs. Crowley as a committee woman. She has been on every committee that has been organized in the Old Parish since she left Sunday school; whether for the annual coffee supper, or for the parish booth at the Orphans' Picnic, or the whist drives to raise funds for the new school.

And most important of all, in the matter of which we are speaking, it is her proud boast that she has not missed making her monthly Communion with the Children of Mary since she became the sodality president. She has a new white dress every two years, but she still has the same veil she bought when she joined the sodality. It has held out well, but only through the meticulous and prayerful care she has given to it. No veil on Children of Mary Sunday is ever as spotlessly white and as snowily laundered as Aggie Kelly's. Her very care of it is an example to the younger sodalitarians.

I do not say that, if Aggie Kelly's inner heart could

be read, that she might not herself prefer eligibility, as an ordinary member, in the Altar and Rosary to being president of the Children of Mary. All her friends are in the Altar Society: Mrs. Patrick Crowley, of course, Mrs. Killoran and Tim Sullivan's wife, Katie. Aggie Kelly and Mary Ellen Shea are the only two of the parish inner circle who do not belong. But the Altar and Rosary, you see, is the *married* women's sodality; and Aggie — by choice, necessarily — is still a maid.

Aggie was prouder, I think, of being president of the Children of Mary than of being first soloist in the choir and of being an incomparable singer of requiems. It served to extenuate her continued spinsterhood, for one thing. "Oh, I've had my chances," she used to say, tossing her head rather archly. "Yes indeed I have. I've had many a chance to have a ring on my finger. But not me! I turned them all down, every single one. I just simply couldn't bear to give up my sodality."

With Aggie that devoted, and everyone in the parish knowing it and knowing it well, you would wonder what ever got into Connie Casey not to go to Aggie right off the bat with her plans. Constance slipped up there for fair. She shot her bolt that time, when she — purposely or not — neglected to make an ally of Agnes Kelly.

Aggie was furious, you may well imagine, when

she heard what was going on behind her back, furious and hurt and indignant alike. Aggie always liked to keep up with the younger girls. She was by no means an old stick-in-the-mud. She would tell you so. She had her hair bobbed among the very first of the – well, the slightly older – girls. And she was very willing to be friendly with Connie, too. When Connie appeared with a peasant handkerchief tied around her head, and many of the other girls followed suit, Aggie was quick to adopt the fad, and to defend Connie's institution of it when Mrs. Crowley tartly asked "why the whole lot of them don't kilt their skirts behind and run around barefoot so long as they are trying to imitate their grandmothers." After that to be totally ignored – just as if she was a back-number and ready for the shelf – to be so *insulted!* It was much more than Aggie Kelly's proud spirit could stand. She gave her peasant babuska that very night to old Ned Meehan to add to his collection of handy bandannas.

Aggie believed heart and soul in all the new plans for the sodality and, given half a chance, would have pushed them for all she was worth. Under the circumstances, however, she had no choice but to stand firmly against them. She certainly was not going to let that snip of a Casey girl get away with anything like that! She – Agnes Veronica Kelly – was still president of the sodality, no matter what anyone said.

Constance Casey would be made to think twice before she ignored Agnes Kelly again.

I really think it was only thoughtlessness on Connie's part that led to her grievous oversight of the sodality's president. She was so anxious to rouse up and kindle the spirits of the girls, that she thought Aggie Kelly would fall right in line. She had had enough experience with Mrs. Patrick Crowley to know that the feelings of the older members of the parish were not lightly to be tread upon; but perhaps — it might be — she thought of Aggie as Aggie thought of herself — as only *slightly* older.

At all events while Connie was still racing around enlisting the ardor of one Child of Mary after another, Aggie Kelly set forth upon an opposing mission of her own. Aggie knew very well that Connie's sophistication and glamor would exert tremendous influence over the sodalitarians. Aggie left them severely alone. She went instead to her friends in the Altar and Rosary Society, the mothers and the aunts and the older sisters. When, over a conversational cup of tea, she let them draw from her how hurt she was by Connie's usurpation of authority — "not angry. I couldn't be angry. It isn't in me; but I am hurt. Really, it just cut me to the quick. Maybe people our age are old-fashioned; although I always thought you kept right up to the minute, my dear. Why she should try to undermine me, I don't

know. You know I've always been heart and soul with my sodality girls. I've *tried* to do so *much* for them. I'm just heartbroken over this. . ." Aggie Kelly, you may rest assured, left each household knowing that when May or Louise or Catherine or Alice came home, their sisters and their mothers and their aunts would command them sternly "to have nothing at all to do, mind, with any new didoes in the sodality that might cause hurt to poor, dear Aggie Kelly."

So when, at the next meeting of the sodality, Connie Casey arose in the short business meeting that always followed the reciting of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, the Rosary and Benediction, and immediately launched into a glowing account of all the new features she had planned for the girls' interest and enjoyment, Aggie Kelly heard her out in silence. Constance finished her "pep" talk and sank down into her seat, flushed and happily confident of universal acclamation of her plans.

Then Aggie, arranging her veil gently and piously about her shoulders and daintily straightening the broad blue ribbon on which her medal was pendent, glided into place at the head of the aisle, and beamed upon the sodalitarians with a smile that was a blend of sugar and honey.

She was delighted, said Aggie in tones of gentle sweetness, to find such a very new member taking

such an interest in the affairs of the sodality. In one way, she was sure, it was most praiseworthy, even if the ideas themselves did seem — well, a little far-fetched. That is, for a sodality. But of course, a new member would hardly have had time as yet to know the sodality's traditions. In her opinion, and of course she knew well that her poor opinion counted for very little, and she did not want it to, she wanted the girls to think for themselves. Still it did seem — she thought it was nice to have one society that was just interested in religion and in devotion to Our Lady, and was willing to let other societies and organizations concern themselves in outside affairs. Of course, if the girls really wanted to turn the sodality into a — into an ordinary *club*, that was something else again. It was up to them. But she hardly thought they would want *that*. It seemed so disrespectful to Our Lady. Still, who was she to say. Would the girls who wanted to make the sodality a cardplaying, bowling and well — a regular *worldly club* — oh, dear, it did seem so terrible putting it that way, didn't it? — would those girls raise their hands, please?

Needless to say, not a hand went up. Constance sat glued to her seat, crimson with mortification, as Aggie with another gentle smile of shy approval adjourned the meeting. Nor did it soothe Connie's wounded feelings to have girl after girl come to her

after the adjournment, and embarassedly explain that she had had to promise her mother to stand by whatever Agnes Kelly thought was the best interests of the sodality.

But Connie was only defeated in battle, not vanquished in war. She realized that as long as Aggie continued as president of the sodality every plan Connie had for its advancement would meet the same soft but successful opposition. Aggie Kelly had to go. It was a large order to handle such a thing; but Constance was a determined miss when she had her dander up. Aggie Kelly must go!

Political manœuvering in the sodality was out of the question. As long as Aggie ran for office she would be unanimously elected. That went without saying. Constance canvassed the other possibilities. Marriage? That would remove Aggie from the sodality, but a thorough survey of the Old Parish field convinced Connie the idea was preposterous. Aggie may have had her "chances" in the past, but the field of prospective suitors was clear to the point of bareness now. Nor did it seem at all likely that Aggie, who had lived in the world and tasted its sweets so long and so happily, would become tired of its pomps and join the nuns. Connie sketched such a possibility tentatively to Mother Theresa, but Reverend Mother, rocking with amusement, merely hooted at

her. Aggie's removal from office seemed the most lost of lost causes. Connie began to despair.

Then, one day out walking, she met little Father Krasnowski, pastor of our neighboring Polish parish of Our Lady of Cracow. The little priest beamed upon her. He had been ordained in Rome, and Connie and he had had many happy conversations about the imperial city. This time, said Father Krasnowski, he met her with especial, very especial gladness. Of his budget at last, he told her, he had found moneys enough to hire an organist and director of his choir. Miss Casey he knew had studied plainchant and the Gregorian at the Pius X School; she knew the organ; would she take the little job and teach his people the truly beautiful old music of Holy Church?

Connie was thrilled. Of all possible things, a position like that was closest to her heart, always present in her imaginings. Would she take it? She started to tell the little priest that she would jump at the chance — but then — she caught herself — she had another thought that was a gleam of inspiration. . . ! Resolutely stifling her own longings for the post, she launched at once into a breathless encomium of the superior skill, and experience, and capabilities, of Agnes Kelly, soprano soloist in the Old Parish choir. She was so convincing in her tributes to Aggie that the little priest trotted off at

once, eager to interview such a paragon, and engage her services immediately. If there were tears in Connie's eyes as she looked after him, she consoled herself that her own personal sacrifice was for the greater good of Our Lady's Sodality. If Aggie took the job, it would amount to changing her parish allegiance. Now she would have to resign as president of the sodality.

Aggie Kelly took the job, of course. She was alone in the world, and really needed the extra money that Father Krasnowski would pay her. She knew too that the new pastor was anxious to inaugurate full observance of the *Motu proprio* and install a male sanctuary choir in the Old Parish church. Before any complete account of the arrangements she had made became public, however, Aggie was called out of town to nurse her sister, who was ill in Bradford. She did not return until the Saturday before the monthly Communion of the sodality, and then was so busy – straightening up her house and her affairs – that few people had a chance to talk to her about it.

Everyone knew that now, of course, she would retire from the Children of Mary in our parish. The sodalitarians at the meeting that Sunday awaited her announcement almost breathlessly. Constance even, with the feeling that victory was perched on her banners and she might well be generous, brought a spray of roses to the sodality meeting, ready to be

presented to Aggie when she resigned the presidency and her membership in the sodality.

When Aggie finally arose after the Litany, the church was hushed. She began at once about her new duties. She looked forward to them so. But she would not be leaving them altogether, she smiled happily — Connie looked worried — no, indeed. The new pastor had asked if she would still sing some of the requiems, so many people wanted it; and she had told him that, really, her chief regret was in leaving her girls in the sodality. He was just lovely and understanding. He said she need not leave the sodality at all; he hoped she would keep the presidency — and oh, girls! that just lifted such a load off her heart.

No one dared glance at Connie. She sat numb with disappointment, as Aggie continued. Then suddenly she heard her own name mentioned. What was the woman saying! "I won't be able to put in all the time I used to give to the sodality, though, girls," she heard Aggie continue, "so I'm going to appoint a director of activities to fill in for me. The new pastor thinks it's an excellent idea. Miss Casey, I think all the girls feel you are the ideal one for such a post. Won't you take it?" Connie could only nod her head dumbly. "And I do want to thank you publicly for all the nice things you said about me to Father Krasnowski. He told me them all. It was

Constance, girls, who really got the job for me. I can never thank her enough."

The roses that Constance Casey held out as she stumbled up the aisle to Agnes Kelly were no redder than her shamed face, but Aggie's quick tears of pleasure made Connie's tears flow, and no one interpreted her deep blushes as anything but happy modesty. They stood together, hand in hand, different perhaps in all possible ways — all ways but one: they were each a Child of Mary.

ALL PRAISE TO SAINT PATRICK – AND SAINT FRANCIS



T WAS January sixth, the Feast of the Epiphany – Little Christmas, we call it in the Old Parish – when I met, to my great surprise, old Ned Meehan and Larry O'Toole out in the blustery cold, stumping along bravely through the snow, bundled up as if for an Arctic exploration. In the winter, the old men of the parish more or less hibernate in the warmth of Paddy Dailey's barbershop, or in the steam-heated back room of Peter Brady's undertaking parlors. I was the more surprised then, on such a day and in such weather, to see Larry and old Ned such a good way either from home or these two friendly havens; and, from the purposeful set of their old shoulders against the wind, very evidently bent on going still farther afield.

I hailed them with a shout, and they stopped and waited for me. White frost steamed from their breaths in the biting wind as they stood, panting from their exertion, in the snow. "Whatever are you two about," I called out, "stravaging the countryside

on a day like this? Whatever possessed you? I thought you, Larry, at least, had the sense you were born with."

"Then I have," said Larry, "but when a thing's to be done, and on a certain day, then you got to do it — weather or no, whether or no," he added with a chuckle. " 'Tis our annual yearly pilgrimage we do be making, and only this one day to do it in. There should be more of us than what there are; but 'tis such a nasty, mean day, the daughter wouldn't let Shamus Kielty out of the house, 'though he's fit to be tied; and Dinnie the Bow is on the flat of his back with the rheumatism in his knee. So that leaves but the two of us free, with Paddy Dailey going to skip down by his lee lone — once the shop is closed. It's down to the Polish we're heading," he explained, "down to Our Lady of Cracow's church we're going. Every year, for the last fifteen or more, we've been going down there on Little Christmas, for to view the Christmas crib. 'Tis today the little priest puts in place the Wise Men and the camels. 'Twas the Pope's Johnny Sullivan had the idea in the first place, and picked the day as the most appropriate; and although Johnny's gone, we've kept the custom up for him anyway — the Lord rest his soul." We all raised our hats to John Sullivan's valiant memory.

I knew of the crib at the Church of Our Lady of Cracow. Its fame had long since gone about the city.

Little Father Krasnowski, on a trip to his homeland, had discovered a wood-carver who worked as the craftsmen of old worked — for love of his craft and the greater glory of God. From him, the priest had secured statues of Our Lady and Saint Joseph and the Holy Child, and brought them back joyously to form his Christmas crib. As the years went on, one by one the other figures were added: the shepherds, the angels, the ass and the ox, and little carved lambs. The art critics of the city united in naming the Polish carver a genius. Father Krasnowski's crib soon was acclaimed as one of the city's art treasures, as it was a source of deeply reverent pride for our pious Polish neighbors.

I was at a loss, however, to understand a yearly pilgrimage to it by the men of Angels' Fold. Devout as they were, still our own parish crib was much closer at hand for their prayers; especially in the type of weather we had been having. I had myself thought twice, before venturing out that day, and, before I met Larry and Ned, had been well convinced of my rashness.

Certainly neither Ned nor Larry was at all aesthetic in his tastes, nor had the Pope's Johnny had a very true eye for the beautiful. A colorful print of *Robert Emmet Making His Speech from the Dock*, or, on the other hand, any kind of a "goodlooking picture so long as it was a holy picture" would be to

them the zenith of art. It bothered me to find the two old warriors struggling through the wind and snow so far from home, and no understandable reason behind their wayfaring.

"Yes," piped up Ned Meehan, as we stood shivering together, "'tis to the Polish we go on Little Christmas; and of a Whitsunday to the Portuguese church for the feast of the Holy Ghost, and to see the Emperor for that day crowned; just as we never misses, either, the trip to Notre Dame down at the French to venerate Saint Ann's relic when the day for that comes around. We take them all in, in turn. The Pope's Johnny laid it down to us to be doing it, after the time all them people came out in full force to help us honor a holy, good man of our own people. It was very kindly of them. And it should ought to be a lesson to us — said the Pope's Johnny that time — that instead of us all being so narrow and clannish, only thinking of how close we could stick to our own kind — Irish or French or Polish, or what — we should be remembering, after all, what's more important; that we're all Catholics together — all one, indeed, in the sight of Almighty God."

The wind was blowing too keenly for me to pursue the story then to its end. There was but one thing to do, to turn my own steps and make the pilgrimage with them. There was, I could see now, method in

their madness; I was eager to hear the whole tale. We stopped off at Larry's house on the way back and his daughter mixed a hot toddy for us. It was more than welcome. We sipped it with relish in the warmth of the O'Toole kitchen, and it was there, as we sat and sipped and smoked, that the story behind the pilgrimage unfolded.

Of Irish descent as most of us were in the Old Parish, and some — the very old among us — of Irish birth, made exiles at the time of The Famine and the abortive '48 Rising, we had been deeply and dearly interested in the continuing struggle for Freedom that dated from Easter Week in 1916. There were still those among us who had known Charles Stewart Parnell and Michael Davitt — Davitt, indeed, was own cousin to the Carrolls on Foster Street — and even the earlier patriots, Stephens and Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel, John O'Leary and O'Donovan Rossa. From childhood we had listened eagerly to every re-telling of the escape of John Boyle O'Reilly from Van Diemen's land on the bark *Gazelle* and of the expedition from New Bedford of the whaling bark *Catalpa*, Cap'n Hathaway, master, to rescue others of the Fenians. For many years the Irish societies of the city had paraded each Thanksgiving Day to the Old Parish church for a memorial Mass to the Manchester Martyrs: Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. And there was talk — I had heard Ned

Meehan intimate it — that the Pope's Johnny Sullivan had himself been a Fenian ; but that was something I never heard Johnny speak of, well as I knew his story — from the time he took the pledge from Father Mathew, through his Civil War experiences, and his service with the saintly Pope Pius the Ninth, down to the day the Gabriel bell tolled his passing to us.

With such a background compelling us, we followed every line of news from Ireland — after Easter Week in '16 — closer than ever before ; but it was not until 1920, and story after story of Black and Tan outrages came across the wide water, that our feelings were really deeply aroused. It had been long, long years since many of us had seen Ireland, and most of us knew of it only in the hallowed memories of our fathers. Those of us whose sun was John Redmond, or who had remained ever faithful to the memory of The Lost Leader, had openly doubted the wisdom of armed rebellion in 1916. But in 1920, all that was changed ; there were no doubters then. The Old Parish — to a man — was in arms against the Black and Tan scourging of Holy Ireland. And not only the men ; the women, too, spoke with one voice. It was Mrs. Patrick Crowley and Maria Killoran and Mary Ellen Shea who were most active in aiding the old pastor — by whist parties and fancy-work sales and salad suppers — to raise all the

money he could for the good Quakers who were administering the Irish White Cross Relief for our kindred made destitute across the wide water. Mrs. Patrick Crowley, the most American of citizens the United States has ever held, was a tower of strength in that fund raising campaign; for, she always insisted, it was not her Irish blood but her American belief in the freedom of small nations that urged her on.

In the Old Parish, the greater part of our people came originally from the County Cork, from Bere and Bantry, from Skibbereen and Macroom and Ballingeary. I know of no one, actually, from Cork city; we had been mostly country folk or workers in the copper mines in Allihies parish. But Cork was our county; and therefore of all Irish cities, that upon the branching Lee was dearest to us. So ours was a personal anger in the murder of the Lord Mayor McCurtain, and a private, particular glory in the heroic protest of Mayor McSwiney, when he lay wasting away in his cell in Brixton prison. We offered our morning Communions with his and for his intention; our nightly Rosary we said in union with the praying men and women who knelt outside the gaol gates; and when each Sunday, the old pastor, after the parish announcements, asked our prayers for the heroic Lord Mayor's speedy recovery or happy death, our prayers were from our hearts. Day by

day we followed the long hours of the hunger strike as closely as if we ourselves were keeping vigil by that prison bedside.

Then, the Lord Mayor Terence McSwiney joined the company of Ireland's heroic dead. We felt then that we wanted to proclaim the glorious sacrifice of his death to the world. This, we wanted to say to everyone, this is how an Irishman can die.

When we heard that Manchester in England had held a memorial procession for the martyr Lord Mayor that had stretched through the city's sorrowing streets for five long miles, we determined at once to have a like procession in Millington. The Pope's Johnny Sullivan was president of the city's Hibernians at that time. It was our senior Irish organization, and the old pastor had been its chaplain for many years. Both Johnny and he were eager to commemorate Terence McSwiney's sacrifice for his country. Johnny sent out a call to all the Irish societies of the city at once, and plans for a mammoth demonstration went quickly forward.

At that period, in perfect amity though we were with our Catholic neighbors, the Canadian French, the Polish and the Portuguese, we had — to a more or less marked degree — kept our separate way. We were pleased enough to have the old pastor offer the use of Holy Name hall to Father Krasnowski until his congregation could build a church of their own ; we

occasionally slipped down to the Half-Past Nine at the French church if we were late for our own Nine, and feared the Book might be changed; and we always bowed and tipped our hats to gentle Father Silva of the Portuguese parish of Ecce Homo. Yet, for all that, I am afraid that we were guilty of the sin of pride in the insularity of our own Catholicism. Our saint was Saint Patrick. He was, we felt — as the long years in Puritan New England had made us feel — peculiarly our own; a saint whom we were not willing to share. We had not yet become aware that — instead of the bigotry of Cotton Mather and the dourness of John Knox, the patrons of our Yankee neighbors — our Portuguese Catholic kin were waiting patiently to offer us the kindliness of Saint Anthony, and the Italians the love of Saint Francis; that the French were proffering the patriotism of Jeanne d'Arc and the Poles the virtue of Saint Stanislas. We would not have believed it — ever — if we had been told that all these racial groups greatly revered and respected our own great Apostle of Ireland.

It was the death of Terence McSwiney that opened our eyes at last, for it brought home to us the power and the sway of the scapular of Assisi's Saint Francis, saint of all people. We realized then that we were truly of separate races but of one universal Faith; that just as the hand of God blessed us all impartially,

so also the bell of Saint Patrick rang in other hearts no less than in our own. For even the Pope's Johnny Sullivan had hitherto thought of the Lord Mayor McSwiney only as a gallant Irishman, forgetting that he belonged to a larger and great race — that of the brotherhood of Saint Francis.

It troubled the Pope's Johnny lest the memorial procession, which he was to head as grand marshal, might not equal in impressiveness the mourning English cortege of which he had read. Of the thousands of Irish blood in Millington, comparatively few belonged to the Irish societies. And it was so very important, Johnny felt deeply, not merely to honor the memory of the hero alone, but to make formidable protest in his name against the ravishing of the country for which he died. The memorial procession must not only kindle Irish blood but awaken in all the people of the city the American ideal of love of freedom and hatred of oppression. As, stirred by the wrongs of Hungary, our Yankee neighbors had welcomed Kossuth to our shores, so must they be made to see and to deplore with us the present tragedy of rapine in Ireland.

Johnny worried and fretted lest the Irish societies alone might not make a sufficiently strong and impressive appearance; but, beat his brain as he would, he could think of no way to enlarge the procession. Even Johnny, you see, broad as were his sympathies

and great his understanding and appreciation of all men — as befitted a man who had been friend to a Holy Father of all the peoples of the world — even Johnny, at that time, did not truly know his neighbors.

For hardly had word of the proposed processional tribute to the Lord Mayor spread through the city, than, not to Johnny but to our Bishop himself, hurried Father Marchand of Notre Dame at once, to seek permission for his people to join the cortège of mourners. The Tertiaries of Saint Francis at the Church of Notre Dame — elderly, black-veiled widows for the most part, retired not only from our world into which they had rarely ventured but from the world of their own people as well — had made earnest appeal to Père Marchand that they might join in honoring the memory of their heroic brother: Terence McSwiney of the Third Order of Saint Francis.

And Père Marchand had barely left the Bishop's presence than the tremblingly eager Father Krasnowski, pastor of the Polish church of Our Lady of Cracow, was ushered into the Bishop's study. "Could it be . . . would it be wrong? — too bold? — but like Milord the Mayor of Ireland, I, too, am oblate of Saint Francis. Could it be then . . . would you permit, if I walk with the Irish Father in this so great procession? I am not of the Irish, no; but together

with that brave man I am Franciscan. And we Poles know what it is to suffer for our country."

Our Bishop, who is old and wise and kindly, had an impish smile that afternoon when still another petitioner was brought to him, and he looked up from his breviary and saw who it was.

"At your age," and his eyes twinkled merrily as he addressed the old pastor with mock severity, "and with your bad feet, I should expect you to have more sense than even to be thinking of marching four or five miles over rough, hard cobblestones."

The old pastor stared at the Bishop, for he had not yet revealed his errand. "Why, Bishop . . ." he stammered, disconcertedly, "the men of the Old Parish — those not in the societies — I wondered if you would mind my leading them in a group of my own. Like yourself, we're all Irish, you see," he said hopefully and very diplomatically, too, he thought, as he waited eagerly for the Bishop's answer.

"There goes the door bell again," said the Bishop, with seeming irrelevance, but his smile was tender. "Let me see?" he checked them off on his thin, frail fingers, "the French — the Polish — go to the door, Father, and let Father Silva in. You will soon be aware, as I am, that the true Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick are the Little Brothers of Saint Francis. Father Silva, you know, long ago obtained the dele-

gated power to establish the confraternity of the Third Order among his Portuguese people."

The old pastor understood not a word of what the Bishop was saying ; but complete understanding soon came to him. For it *was* Father Silva ringing the door bell as eagerly as Père Marchand and Father Krasnowski, and upon the very same errand.

So it was that when the Pope's Johnny Sullivan, erect and soldierly in his Grand Army uniform, led off the line of march on that winter Sunday afternoon in 1920, behind him walked not the Irish alone, but the Catholic people of Millington in the greatest demonstration for any man or any cause that the city had ever known.

Before the black-mantled horses that drew a caisson draped in the tricolor of a new Ireland paced Father Silva and Père Marchand and Father Krasnowski, side by side and step by step with the old pastor. And the guard of honor that escorted the gun carriage — in the uniforms that they had worn on sea and land in the war that was to have freed small nations — had been chosen from all our city's races. One thing more they had in common with Terence McSwiney : each blue and khaki breast wore a decoration — for valor.

And, most impressive of all, behind the caisson, in line upon line, slowly and solemnly walked the Ter-

tiaries of Saint Francis, from the Church of Notre Dame and the Church of Ecce Homo. And the old women as they walked fingered their rosaries beneath their black capes and shawls and mourning veils – the Veuve Morrissette and old Mrs. Pacheco, Madame Bonfontaine and Senhora Medeiros, Mrs. Patrick Crowley and the Old Lady Cahill and all their companions in the Order.

Following the Franciscan Tertiaries in group after group, in seemingly never-ending lines, came the Irish societies one by one: the Hibernians and the Father Mathew Temperance society; the Robert Emmets and the Wolfe Tones; the Friends of Irish Freedom and the members of the society for the Recognition of the Irish Republic; but these, for all the strength of their numbers, were but the vanguard of a mighty host. Behind them trooped, to muffled drums, bands of men from every parish of every race within the city's boundaries. And in the long line, marching with the same sincere reverence as the men of the Emmet Guards, were the white and scarlet dolmaned Knights of Saint Stanislas; the blue uniformed Ligue Napoléon; the sombrely dressed members of the Cercle Lacordaire; and the cohorts of the Portuguese societies of São Miguel and Nossa Senhora da Esperança.

As the procession finally drew into the natural amphitheatre of the park, miles across the city, and

the horses were unhitched from the caisson and led away; as the marchers, and the watchers in thousands gathered on the banks of the hillsides — a slight, frail figure slowly approached the catafalque. For the repose of the soul of the Lord Mayor Terence McSwiney, another Son of Saint Patrick — the scapular of Saint Francis under his purple robes, beneath his pectoral cross — began the recitation of the Rosary. And the murmured responses that thundered down from the hills made the heart of the elderly bishop glad.

"How foolish it has been of me to have worried," he told himself, "lest my people with their own churches and their own priests might grow apart from one another, and in the intensity of their close-held nationalism, forget the greater thing — the universality of our Holy Faith. Today how clearly our dear Lord has shown me the idleness of my fears. All praise to Saint Patrick — and to Saint Francis."

"Yes, indeed," Larry O'Toole broke the quiet that my own thoughtfulness had evoked, "the Pope's Johnny laid it down to us as the law that — never mind where we come from — it's all Catholics we are together. As I said to Neddie here this morning, if it was the day of the Big Wind itself, I'd get down to visit that crib, or know the reason why!"

THE PRIDE OF BYGONE DAYS



RS. PATRICK CROWLEY is a very proud woman. Her pride is vast and her pride is deep. She admits it freely. At the same time she will tell you, sharply, "But there's nothing false about it. I come by it naturally, on both sides of the family." Hers is, truly, what you might call — as she would — a decent pride; for there is nothing snobbish nor haughty about Mrs. Patrick Crowley.

Not that she could not be haughtiness itself, if the occasion demanded, and in a way that would freeze you to the very marrow of your bones. The woman from the Jehovah Witnesses, who came around peddling scurrilous pamphlets attacking the Church last summer, found out that — to her cost! — when she pulled Mrs. Crowley's bell, and — without so much as by your leave! — set down her portable graphaphone on the hall table and started up a record supposed to give a true interpretation of the Scriptures. When Mrs. Crowley finished talking to that woman, the story has it, that although the day was ninety-eight in the shade, the woman headed straight for

the icehouses on the Watta-pay pond, in an effort to get thawed out.

Mrs. Crowley has always been proud of her country, her state and her city; but proudest of all of the Old Parish, of which she has been, for so many years an integral and important part. That is why it bothered her so greatly, the year that Millington was celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the first linen mill to operate in this country, that the Old Parish was not playing an important part in the celebration.

The Old Parish has since celebrated the centennial of its own founding; but at the time of which I speak it seemed to be conceded generally that no record of Catholics in Millington dated as far back as the day when Ulster Protestant Andrew McLear installed the first linen loom in a weave shed by the falls of the lower river, and spread his webs to bleach in the bay meadows.

The celebration was to be a three day, city-wide affair, with gala parades and processions and pageants; the election of a Queen of the Flax; a muster and drumhead election of the old militia companies; and special exhibits everywhere of the linen textiles that had made Millington famous. The Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and the Lions, the Millington Historical society, the Merchants' Association, were each taking active and vigorous part in

making the centennial observance the greatest week of festival in the city's history. The Ministerial League was playing an equal part. The early church records of the city had been lost in the Great Fire, but the Millington ministers pleasantly agreed among themselves that, since Andrew McLear was a Belfast man, he had, undoubtedly, been either a Wesleyan Methodist or a member of the Presbytery; or, on the other hand, it might well be that he belonged to the Established Church or had joined the Baptists in the wake of the travelling evangelists who preached in the camp-meetings held about Millington in the early days. At all events — and this vexed the proud Mrs. Crowley sorely — it was quite evident that under no circumstances had he belonged to the Old Parish.

The symbol of the centennial was a maid at a spinning wheel in Puritan costume. It represented Nancy McShane, sister-in-law of Andrew the Weaver — Nancy, in 1815 it was, who had spun the first linen thread to be woven on Andrew's looms into the fine lawn the dominies of the day sought so eagerly for their Geneva bands. The Puritan cap and 'kerchief in which Nancy was pictured, were, of course, historically inaccurate; but their symbolism was clear. Nancy was to be considered — emphatically — part of the heritage of Puritan Protestant New England.

Posters of Nancy at her wheel were everywhere; a

blind man could hardly escape seeing one ; and they drove Mrs. Patrick Crowley wild. "The jade !" she expressed herself forcibly to Maria Killoran. "Sitting there at that wheel so smug ! Well, they can't take it away from us anyway that she came from Ireland. Not that there's much comfort in that. I said as much to Davis at the bank, and Minister Jeffrey came in just then. 'Scotch,' he corrected me, 'Scotch-Irish, if you will ; but really Scotch. The McLears and the McShanes just happened to come from Ireland.'

"It's a wonder they didn't have her rigged out in the picture ready to do the Highland fling ! 'No Irish need apply,' is what it all amounts to. Botheration take that Andrew McLear — why couldn't he have stayed home in his Belfast for a few years ! My mother's people — the McMahans from Armagh — were out here in eighteen-twenty ; and there was no Scotch-Irish about them. They had the Faith, and they held on to it. It's too bad they didn't know that McLear fellow was coming, so they could beat him to it. And then the shoe would be on the other foot ! It would be our own time to celebrate, instead of every last one of the Yankees looking down their noses at us as newly-come-over Catholics. And we the backbone of the city in every war ; and in fire, famine and flood. Well, maybe no flood, we've never had a flood — but if it wasn't for the great good

old Father Sullivan did at the time of the cholera, the whole city would have been carried off with it."

Maria Killoran could say little to comfort her. Even Maria's gentle soul was troubled that so much emphasis seemed to be placed on the Nordic, white, Protestant background of Andrew McLear and Nancy McShane. She knew, too, that the old pastor — although of course he said nothing — was grieved to the heart that the celebration appeared to be taking such a sectarian swing.

Mrs. Patrick Crowley had another minor grievance. The centennial celebration had been widely publicized throughout the country. Former residents of the city, old Millingtonians from North and South and East and West, flocked "back home" for the week of carnival. Among the home-comers was James Kielty's son Dan, the Bishop out in the Wild West, accompanied on this trip by his secretary and his chaplain. Bishop Dan may have counted upon having his old room, up attic, in his father's little frame house ; but Shamus, of course, would not hear of such a thing. A Bishop up attic ! And where would you be putting the two extra priests — down cellar ? Oh, no ! James Kielty had much too much respect for the cloth than to crowd his Right Reverence — the term Shamus used for his son when he wished to impress the neighbors — into his own, poor, small house. He went at once to the old pastor to

ask if fitting and proper accommodation for the Bishop and his train might not be had at the Old Parish rectory. The old pastor assented at once; there was room and to spare; and if there were not, he himself could easily put up with a bed on the sofa in the reception room for one week. By all means; he wanted the Bishop to make the rectory his own.

It was the Bishop's advent — and the throwing-open of the rectory to him — that was the cause of Mrs. Crowley's secondary grievance. She was extremely fond of the old pastor; very fond, indeed. She would do anything for him — anything at all. She could not ever find it in her heart to refuse the old pastor a single *thing*. She'd be only too willing to lay down her life for him — he was such a holy, good man. We had all, in the Old Parish, heard her express these and like sentiments over and over, time and again. They may even have come to the old pastor's ears.

At all events, he took her at her word — as it had been emphatically proclaimed to us so often; and the week before the celebration went to her and asked if she would house and entertain, during the Carnival of Flax, a completely unexpected guest about to land in on him. With the Bishop and his suite installed at the rectory, there would be no room at all for his own Aunt Nancy. He hated to ask such a great favor, but he knew the old lady would be mortally

offended if he dared so much as suggest getting her a room at the hotel ; really, he did not know where to turn ; if Mrs. Crowley could not help him, he did not know what to do.

It was not for naught that in her heyday Mrs. Patrick Crowley had been one of the mainstays of the Mary Andersons, the Old Parish dramatic society. She winced deep inside, and her heart sank to the very soles of her elastic-sided boots when she understood that it was old Madame Ward she was being asked to entertain ; but her smile was brave, and her granting of the request given instantly. The old pastor beaming happily left her.

Little time elapsed, however, after his contented departure, before Mrs. Crowley, hastily bonneted and shawled, was bewailing the cruelness of fate in Maria Killoran's sunny kitchen. "Oh, dear, I don't know how I can ever muster the grace to put up with her. You don't know her, Maria — but *I* know her. She came on a visit twenty years ago and I met her then. She's so high-toned you can't touch her with a stick, and *cranky* ! — a regular autocrat ! And she's well over ninety by this time. I suppose I'll have an invalid on my hands ; and she's as deaf as a post, not to make matters any better. Her husband was the General. All her life she's spent traipsing from one army post to another, living the life of Reilly. She wouldn't know work from a hole in the ground. But

talk! The good Lord — maybe — didn't spare me when it came to a tongue; but as I remember hers, it's hinged in the middle and swings at both ends. What have I done to deserve this, I ask you? I won't be able to get out and see a thing. I'll be stuck in the house taking care of her. I'd never be able to drag her out with me, not even to the parades. I don't suppose she'd condescend to cross the street to see a parade, she's seen so many in her day. Oh, dear!"

"Ah, cheer up," Mrs. Killoran soothed her. "Don't be always crossing your bridges ahead of time. She may have turned out to be a very sweet old lady."

"Says you!" retorted Mrs. Crowley disgustedly. "You'd sing another tune if you remembered her as well as I do. Oh, dear, isn't it true? Just when you feel like enjoying yourself something turns up to take all the joy out of life."

She took a mournful satisfaction as the days went on in carrying about, wrapped in gloom as sombre as her widow's veils, the heavy-hearted depression she felt because the Old Parish was to have no prominent place in the Carnival of Flax celebration, and the very doubtful comfort of having Aunt Nancy Ward as her house-guest during the week of festivity. No one could cheer her, although everyone tried. The one thing was bad enough, she kept reiterating, without the two. Oh, she would try to bear up when the

time came — old Madame Ward would never be able to criticize ; she would not be able to complain that all due attention was not shown her — but the whole combination of circumstances was really just too much for a single body to bear. She was insistent that Mrs. Killoran and Agnes Kelly and Mary Shea all be present when Madame Ward arrived. "You owe me that much at least," she argued dolefully, "to be there and stand by me — in my hour of need. And you've all got to promise to do your share in taking her out — if she's able to walk — or to stay in and listen to her, and keep her company, so I can skip out myself once in a while."

In the end, she had nearly every one of her confrères very nearly as depressed as herself and quite as worried. Madame Ward, for all her crochets, and Mrs. Crowley had dilated largely upon them all, was, nevertheless — when you came right down to it — the old pastor's aunt, and as such she had to be treated. You could not dream of treating her as you might an ordinary old woman with a bad temper. Because of her nephew, she must be handled carefully — with kid gloves. Whatever she might do, whatever she might say, no matter how oddly she took it into her head to act, the only thing to do was to grin and bear with her.

It was the shock of everyone's life when old Madame Ward turned out to be, on the whole, a fairly

agreeable old lady. It was true that she was as deaf as an adder, and that she was — no question about that! — an awful talker; but high-toned she was not, and certainly not crippled. There was none of the invalid about that lady, as Mrs. Crowley found to her cost. Well over ninety as she was, undoubtedly; she was as light and quick on her feet as a girl. Loudly did Mrs. Crowley complain in the days to come that "the old lady has me dragged off of my feet, the way she never thinks of taking a rest or a nap, but just to be going — going — all the livelong day and night."

Mrs. Patrick Crowley, although she was very slow to admit it, was secretly charmed and very proud to have such a distinguished personage as the old pastor's aunt visiting her, especially when it turned out that Madame Ward was far from the ogress she had worriedly anticipated. Every one in the parish came to the little white cottage on Division Street to pay their devoirs to the old lady. The house was filled each night, to Mrs. Crowley's great delight, for if there was one thing her sometimes very lonely heart craved it was "company," and a chance to show how well she knew how to entertain guests.

Old Madame Ward had a fund of reminiscence about the Millington of her early years. Her memory antedated by far that of Mrs. Crowley, who was thought to have no peer "for the remembering of days gone"; and her stories and tales drew to the

cottage, night after night, even such worthies as the Pope's Johnny Sullivan, old Ned Meehan and Larry O'Toole, who were noted in the parish "as not much for the visiting." Madame Ward had been born in the Old Parish, and had lived in Millington until her marriage to the General, at the close of the War, led her far afield across the country. In her day, she had known, and known well, Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Custer; the General, a captain then, had been stationed indeed at Fort Laramie at the time of the massacre on Little Big Horn. She had travelled the West by stage and had often used the coaches of the Pony Express; she had watched the white-topped prairie schooners wheel out of Junction City and weave slowly across the great plains; she had been in San Francisco when gold was discovered on Sutter's Creek — her own rosary was of gold nuggets from a claim staked in her name by a friend of the General; cowboys and Indians, trappers and fur-traders — to the open-mouthed awe of the small boys lucky enough to accompany their mothers to Mrs. Crowley's — were as familiar to her as the fingers of her hand.

She was tremendously interested in the Linen Centennial; for in all of her cross-country wanderings she had clung to the thought of Millington as her real home. Even now, although she lived in Washington, it was through no deep love for the

city; it was only because the General was buried in Arlington cemetery; Millington still meant home. Her Millington stories were as equally fascinating to her listeners as the tales of her adventures in the opening of the West. She had as a girl scraped lint for bandage dressings during the Civil War; she had served at a booth for the Sanitary Commission fair held in the city in those same war days; she recalled vividly travelling by stage to Boston, and taking the ferry to Long Island in Boston harbor for the presentation of the Irish colors to the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment — "Wasn't your Patrick in that outfit, under Colonel Tom Cass, Mrs. Crowley? I thought so. I remember him well, and a fine strapping young fellow he was"; and she told, too, how Millington was draped in black bunting at once, and men and women went about speaking in hushed, sorrowful tones, the morning the dispatch came that President Lincoln had been shot by the actor, Booth, in Ford's theatre the night before.

And if anyone so much as mentioned a name among our city's prosperous and great — doctor, lawyer or merchant prince — she was quick to recognize the name and the man. Him? She knew him well. And, to our great delight, not as we knew the man (a dignified and perhaps pompous elderly gentleman of position and substance), but usually as a not particularly prepossessing urchin in days gone by.

"Asey Durfee?" she would crow in her cackling, high-pitched voice. "Well, well, so Asey runs that big chain of department stores now, does he? And I remember so well the day he got his first job as a cash boy — wa'n't no bigger than a pint of peanuts then, but twice as sassy . . . and that Corkery rapscallion is a judge now? You don't tell me! I had him in Sunday school, him and his sniffles. I wonder if he ever remembers the dozens of handkerchiefs he owes me. . . What's that you say? Dan Tuttle's widow has got so big feeling that she don't even know her own relations? Then, I'd like to run into her; I'd remind her of a thing or two. Beatrice? She calls herself *that*, does she? That's not what she was christened. For that matter Dan's grandfather always was called O'Toole. Beatrice Tuttle! Hoops and no flour in the house! The grandfather O'Toole was a cousin of your own father's, Larry. Society? I'd tell that lassie a thing or two. She never had a new pair of shoes until the day she was married; and I'll bet she saved them then to put on outside the church door. Stuff and nonsense! That sort of person's as much use as Hannah Cook!"

The only trouble with the old lady's reminiscences was that once she started it was difficult to get a word in edgewise. Her deafness was so absolute that it was impossible to chat with her. It was merely a matter of hopefully shouting a question into her ear

trumpet, and patiently listening then to whatever poured forth from her lips. For that reason, Mrs. Crowley had made no attempt to confide to Madame Ward her grievous dissatisfaction that the Old Parish and its people were but passive spectators of the historical pageantry of the Centennial celebration. The matter still rankled. Mrs. Crowley still brooded over what she considered Andrew McLear's brazen shamefulness in being Irish – but Protestant; and perhaps, although she would never grant *that*, not Irish at all, but a transplanted Scot. Him and that Nancy McShane!

Madame Ward had arrived in town with a week to spare before the formal opening of the Carnival of Flax; but so lavish had been the entertainment offered her and so freely had Mrs. Crowley entertained in turn, that they had had very few moments alone together.

One morning it did so happen that the little white cottage was free of callers. Bishop Dan Kielty and the old pastor were coming to take Aunt Nancy and her hostess to the Stone Bridge Cottage on the Newport road. The old lady had expressed a wish for "a real shore dinner, with steamed clams and melted butter, fish and sausage, and potatoes, and sweet corn, and clam fritters, and a big chunk of watermelon. Often, on the prairie, my mouth used to water in thinking of them." She and Mrs. Crowley sat now

dressed and ready for Bishop Kielty to drive over for them. The old lady idly picked up, from the marble-topped centre table in the parlor, a Centennial booklet that had arrived in the morning's mail.

"Who's this?" she inquired curiously. "This girl on the cover? John Alden's wife — Priscilla Mullins? I know she's buried over in Westport or Little Compton, but I never heard of her being any closer to these parts."

Mrs. Patrick Crowley resignedly brought over the ear trumpet from its resting-place on the mantlepiece. "It's Nancy McShane!" she yelled into its opening.

"Shea? Shea? What Shea would she be? Are some of the Sheas in it? Is she in the pageant?" asked the old lady with interest.

"Mac Sh-a-a-n-e! Nan-cy M-a-c Sh-a-n-ne!" Mrs. Crowley took a deep breath and bellowed into the trumpet.

"Well, well," squeaked old Madame Ward delightedly, "now isn't that nice of them to use Aunt Nancy's picture. I must tell Father when he comes with the Bishop; that will please him. Aunt Nancy, indeed — think of that now — well, well! But I must say Aunt Nancy never wore any rig like that. That dress looks like the Puritan times handed down. Aunt Nancy would never have worn anything so old-fashioned. She always went to the best mantua-

maker in town. There were few people in Millington had the style of Aunt Nancy. It's a pity to show her dressed like that."

Mrs. Patrick Crowley stared, goggle-eyed. "Oh, dear!" she said to herself fretfully. "She's off on a wrong tack again. The Lord only knows who she's thinking of." Aloud — as plainly and emphatically as she could — she shrieked again, "It's NAN-CY MAC SH-A-NE! NAN-CY MAC SH-A-NE!"

"I heard you the first time," said the old lady coldly. "You don't need to bellow! Nancy McShane, of course. Who, else? Do you think I could ever get that name wrong? My own Aunt Nancy — who stood up for me when I was christened by old Father Sullivan! Wasn't I called after her?"

Mrs. Crowley stared aghast at the old lady. "Don't tell me," she yelled, "that Nancy McShane was a *Catholic!*"

Madame Ward drew herself very erect. "And what else would she be?" she asked very sharply. "A Holy Jumper? The very idea! How dare you even intimate such a thing. Indeed, she was a Catholic — few better. Many's the time I've heard her tell how she and Ellen, her sister, and Ellen's husband — his name escapes me, but I know it well — walked the long roads to Newport or to Providence to hear Mass when they'd have word of the coming of a priest. They used to tramp the sixty miles to Bos-

ton, first along, to make their Easter duty ; and think nothing of it. That's how Catholic was Nancy McShane ! Why, the first mass in Millington was said in the brother-in-law's weave shed. Andrew . . . Andrew McLear, that was his name. I knew it would come to me. Andy the Weaver, the old people used to call him. I never knew him — he was dead before my time — but I remember Aunt Nancy well. Aunt Nancy McMahan she was, really. McShane was her maiden name. She'd be related, through her husband, to your own people — away back. It was him built the McMahan block down Anawan Street. Sure, Nancy is buried out at the Bear's Den. Wasn't I to the funeral ?"

"And by the same token, why wouldn't they have Aunt Nancy's picture on the little booklet. From what I heard as a girl Uncle Andrew was one of the first weavers in this part of the country, and I've heard Aunt Nancy tell how she used to spin the thread for him and spread out the lawn webs on the grass.

"I've been meaning to ask why there wouldn't be some mention of pioneers like them at a time like this ; but with all the people coming in here all the time, and gabbing and gabbing, I've had no chance to do any talking myself — not even to ask a question like that."

"But there is !" shrieked Mrs. Crowley. "They're — *they're* the Centennial ! The whole city has been

looking and searching for a descendant of Nancy McShane. If a girl — to be Queen of the Flax; if a man — to crown the queen they'd finally choose!"

"They couldn't have set their minds to it very hard," chided the old lady. "They hadn't far to look! What's the matter with our own Father over at the rectory? Because he's a priest, do they think his people couldn't be early settlers? It was because Andrew McLear was Catholic and true Irish he came to this country. It was because of his Faith he had to flee Ireland. If he hadn't been Catholic it's likely he would have stayed home in Armagh — from Armagh he came; there'd be no linen mills at all in Millington then."

"You *mean* — the old pastor? He is related, too?" Mrs. Crowley yelled unbelievingly into the trumpet.

"Don't scream at me! You make me nervous," said Madame Ward very irritably. "Related? Of course, he's related. I'm only his 'aunt' by courtesy. It's a cousin I am, really, a first cousin, but so much older that he always called me aunt. It was considered more respectful in my day. He's closer related to Nancy McShane than I am. He wouldn't know her no doubt under her maiden name. You know how slow men are about such things. But — related, is it? Then, indeed, he's related. Nancy McShane was his grandmother!"

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

S THERE annything in the paper?" asked old Ned Meehan, as he came up Paradise Alley to the secluded retreat of Angels' Fold one spring afternoon. "Anny news at all?" he asked Larry O'Toole who was sitting alone on a settee waiting for the good companions to gather.

"Not a thing. Not a thing," said Larry laying aside the newspaper he had been indolently scanning. "Not a bit of news at all that you could call news. Only wars and strikes and murders. There's nothing going on at all, anywhere. I don't know what the country's coming to — and the newspaper business. You pick up the paper of an evening expecting to find something good, something worth reading, and you put it right down again, disgusted, for there's never any news in it, these days."

"Hand over the last section annyway," said Ned. " 'Til I have a look at the obituaries. No one we know is gone, I don't suppose?"

"Not a one," answered Larry. "You don't even get the good of the death notices in the papers these

days. Either those we know are all gone long since, or — like ourselves — they're holding out so well that there'll be nobody left to read about us when we are gone. Or nobody to know what to put in the paper about us. All you see in the paper today is foreigners; they're even crowding us out of the obituary columns. You'd think at least they'd have the decency to go slow there; but not them. They're great for copying, even if they have to die to keep up with the neighbors."

"The paper ain't what it was, that's true for you," Ned Meehan acknowledged fitting his spectacles on. "I never found much news in it since Johnnie Donovan left it, and went away to New York. When Johnnie was on the paper, you could always count on a good bit of news now and then. He had a great gift for the writing, did Johnnie Donovan, and he knew what would interest you to be reading."

"And why not?" said Larry O'Toole, a little testily. "He knew where to come for it. It was here he used to come every morning on his way out to cover his district, to see had we heard whether anything was going on. The Pope's Johnny — the Lord rest him — put the boy on to quite a few good bits of news, one way or another."

"Yes, I recall," said Ned. "The Pope's Johnny was very fond of young Donovan, wasn't he? Yes, Johnny thought the world and all of that boy. He

predicted big things for him ; and I guess he is making out very well for himself, at that. He has a big job down in New York, so they tell me. Was he annyways related to the Pope's Johnny? It often struck me to ask, but then it would slip my mind."

"Just a distant connection, if that," answered Larry. "Not very close, anyway. No, it was just that Johnny took such a deep interest in the boy from the start. I've heard him tell it, many's the time. It seems the boy had a theme to write one time in grammar school — to read before the class on Examination Day — you know, the last day of school. It was to be on the Civil War, and he come to Johnny Sullivan to get the facts straight. And that tickled Johnny ; that pleased him.

"Then, another time, the lad was to give off the Gettysburg speech at exercises up at the high school, and he come to Johnny to be coached in the way to say it, the way Johnny heard Mr. Lincoln himself say it, the time of the War."

"I never heard that," Ned Meehan was interested. "That the Pope's Johnny heard President Lincoln give off that speech. Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, did he ever say?"

"Acquainted he was — in a way," said Larry. "And hear the speech he did ; but that's a story in itself, the way Johnny used to tell it, long ago. No matter. It was of Johnnie Donovan we were speaking, and that

brings up the story of how he happened to get the job on the paper in the first place. It was the way *that* happened that endeared him for all time to the Pope's Johnny Sullivan."

It was at that moment that I strolled into Angels' Fold. Dinnie the Bow Shea was with me. We had met downtown and walked home together. I had heard the story of Johnnie Donovan many times before. It was a favorite tale of the Pope's Johnny. He liked it because, he was quick to show you, it pointed out a strong moral; and he told it often, especially after young Donovan left the Old Parish and went to New York and news kept coming back of his great success there.

When the Pope's Johnny first became interested in John Donovan, the boy was in grammar school as Larry had stated — in Miss Emeline Reed's room at the Everett B. Durfee; a thin, gangling lad with pale eyes and a shock of the disheveled, light brown hair that in the idiom of the Old Parish is called "foxy." He was the type of boy of whom the old people were wont to speak — slightly disparagingly — as "always with his nose stuck in a book"; but that very fact, which might have alienated the other old men as an eccentricity, endeared him the more to the Pope's Johnny Sullivan, who was by way of being himself a great reader. It was related with awe and admiration after the Pope's Johnny was gone, that he had

read Carroll's *History of Ireland* "all through," not once but three times; O'Reilly's *Life of Pope Leo XIII* four times and a half; and that he could give you chapter and verse and quote you whole paragraphs, word for word, of the dog-eared, paper-backed copy of the biography of Pio Nono that he had made a special trip on the boat to New York to buy when word came that His Holiness the ninth Pius, Johnny's dear friend, had gone to his eternal reward. He carried that book always with him, in the deep pocket in the skirts of his cutaway, and read in it daily as in a breviary. Nor did he ever loan it — not that book; save once to his protegé, Johnnie Donovan.

Johnny Sullivan's interest in the boy was great. It was long an idea held by Larry O'Toole that Johnny was grooming him for a very high place in the Church; none higher, indeed — maybe. For, as Larry pointed out to Dinnie Shea, if the like of an Englishman rose that high long ago, then such a high post should by no means be considered out of the reach of an American lad with good Irish blood. But when Shamus Kielty's son, Dan, was raised to be a Bishop out in the Wild West, and thus got a substantial head start on John Donovan, the Pope's Johnny changed his plan — if he had it at all. He told Ned Meehan that young Donovan had the makings of a great schoolmaster in him; or better still, that of a famous editor like Horace Greeley or

John Boyle O'Reilly of *The Pilot*. It was to that latter end — to make Johnnie Donovan a man of editorial letters — that the Pope's Johnny began to bend his endeavors.

It was the Pope's Johnny's idea and wish that when the boy finished his high school course he might be able to go on and get a college education as well. Johnnie Donovan, however, was the eldest of a large family. His parents were of humble circumstance, and proud as they were of him, and willing to the point of eagerness that he should venture as far as possible in the paths of learning, yet they could not of their slender means offer him much assistance. Nor could the Pope's Johnny, who lived with his son Tim and Tim's wife Katie, and had only his Grand Army pension for his own free spending.

Yet it might have happened; some of the Pope's Johnny's ingenious schemes to raise the money might have come to fruition: the plan to make the boy's education the cornerstone of a parish raffle; or the other idea to turn the boy into a corporation and sell shares in him. But then in the summer of John Donovan's high school graduation, Conor Donovan, his father, caught a bad chest cold that he could not shake off, and with it chills and fever. In a few short days, Conor Donovan was dead of pneumonia. College was out of the question for young Johnnie

then ; upon his shoulders came the duty of helping support his mother and the younger children.

He had been working that summer. The Pope's Johnny's great friend was Tom O'Connor, overseer of the spinning and spooling rooms in one of the city's great mills. When Renée Dussault, clerk in Tom's spinning room, obtained a two months' leave of absence to visit her parents in Trois Rivières, Johnny Sullivan had easily wangled the post for young Donovan. It was a splendid chance for him to earn the first moneys for his college tuition. That job was, of course, temporary, and it ended for John the week after his father's death with the return of Renée from her visit to Quebec. Now it was more important than ever that the boy find work.

It was not a question of picking and choosing. The Pope's Johnny knew that as well as the next one. Any job to be had, was a job and welcome. Yet the Pope's Johnny still kept hoping, in his heart of hearts, that some way, some how, work might be found for the boy that would help rather than hinder his going forward in the career Johnny had mapped out for him.

To that end he stumped down one fine morning to the offices of the Millington *Post*, for a personal heart-to-heart talk with Brendan O'Neary, the editor. To Brendan he dilated at length and with great con-

viction upon the almost unbelievable advantages that would accrue to the newspaper by having a bright, smart boy like John Donovan on its staff. The boy was more than merely gifted, the Pope's Johnny insisted. Why he had, the old man asserted stoutly — even at his age, and he just out of school — the wit of James Jeffrey Roche, the biting pen of John Mitchel, the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell and Father Tom Burke, and the poetry of soul of Colonel Pat Guiney's daughter, Louise. There never was such a born genius for the writing. You would have to go far and search long to find young John Donovan's equal. He was as bright as a silver dollar, as smart as a whip, as keen as a razor — the Pope's Johnny went on and on until words failed him and he had to stop from sheer exhaustion. But he was bound "to put Johnnie Donovan over"; and when he left *The Post* editorial rooms he was certain he had. The job was as good as got.

O'Neary had been very pleasant. He listened interestedly to the Pope's Johnny's story, and obligingly took the boy's name and address. He was very sorry that at the present time the newspaper was overstaffed; but an opening might come; it would be just as well to keep in touch; if anything should turn up, he had the name and address written down. . . To O'Neary they were the customary murmured phrases of polite dismissal; but to the Pope's Johnny, un-

skilled in the ways of business diplomacy, the words were a definite promise. It was only a question of days now, he assured young Donovan happily.

But the days stretched into weeks, and the weeks began to lengthen into months, and still no word came from O'Neary. The soldiers were at that time returning from the military camps and from overseas and taking back their old positions; the boom had not yet started, and jobs were at a premium; it seemed impossible for Johnnie Donovan to get any work at all, great as was his need. The boy was very worried, and the Pope's Johnny shared his concern. He had been so very certain of the job on *The Post*.

It was then, when several months had passed with no word from *The Post's* editor, that the Pope's Johnny began to besiege and beleaguer Brendan O'Neary. He made calls of state — at least twice each week — to *The Post* city-room, to see if the reportorial opening had not come at last. He waited for O'Neary on the church steps every Sunday after the Nine, to make additional inquiry; and when the harassed editor switched his mass-going to the Ten, the Pope's Johnny was delighted to stay through the two Masses and blandly accost O'Neary when the Ten was over. One afternoon he was happy to snare the editor in Paddy Dailey's barber shop, under the lather, as O'Neary was being shaved. It was a chance in a thousand; for Paddy, wielding brush and

razor, took great care that Johnny's long monologue should not be interrupted. O'Neary squirmed under the covering apron, but Paddy's firm hand held his jaws still while the Pope's Johnny enlarged, with chorusing assent from Ned Meehan, James Kielty and Dinnie the Bow Shea, on the iniquity and the enormity of any editor who would deprive a newspaper's subscribers — and he, Johnny, was one — of the talent and the genius and the Heaven-sent all-round-ability of a boy like John Donovan. But all that accomplished was to send O'Neary dashing out of the shop, once the hot towels were off his face, swearing to Paddy Dailey that he would never set foot in the blank place, again — so help him!

But indeed, little did such a rebuff daunt Johnny Sullivan. The very next morning bright and early he was down at the newspaper office again, hoping cheerfully that O'Neary might have had a change of heart and seen the error of his ways in the night. He took his seat confidently outside the beaver-board partition that separated the editor's office from the city-room, and promptly sent in word by one of the reporters to tell O'Neary that he was there. The partition wall was thin, but Brendan O'Neary's savage roars at Johnny's temerity could have been heard in the press-room five stories below. The Pope's Johnny heard them all too clearly.

"Get that old billy-goat out of here, and get him

out quick!" yelled O'Neary furiously, "and *keep* him out! If he gets in here again, I'll fire the whole ruddy lot of you! What have I done? . . . what have I done? . . . that this — this *curse* should be landed on me! That ring-tailed old rhinoceros, who probably can't even read and write, telling *me* — ME — how to run a newspaper! Trying to shove off on me a gaping gawk of a nitwit seventeen years old, still wet behind the ears, and without brains enough to empty a waste basket! Throw the old fool out, do you *hear!* THROW HIM OUT!"

It was unfortunate in a way that the Pope's Johnny had brought Dinnie Shea along to keep him company. Dinnie heard every word. Not that his allegiance wavered. Not at all. He was all for going in at once and taking a good poke at O'Neary; but Johnny restrained him, and before the tirade had ended, the two old men had gone quietly and sadly away.

"No, Dinnie," said Johnny, once they were outside the building, "two wrongs never made a right. I wouldn't want you to demean yourself before a man with a tongue like that. And it's not that *I* mind what he said in the least — not so far as I myself am concerned. He may be right in what he said about me, save for the reading and writing; and he knows better than that. I'm a very good writer, Dinnie. But mark ye, he's very wrong about the boy. And

he'll see. The day will come when what he said will spring back at him. I'll pray to God and Saint Anthony to prove it to him. I know they'll be glad to take my side of it; for the language, Dinnie, that man used today did very little credit to a man that's supposed to belong to the Holy Name society."

Another month sped by. Johnnie Donovan at last landed a job. A shipyard down the bay hired him as an assistant time-keeper.

It was in that very first working week that race and religious hatred broke forth in Millington for the first time in living memory. At a "Welcome Home" celebration held by the Millington chapter of the Sons and Daughters of Boadicea, an Anglican clergyman, low church in his sympathies, who had but recently arrived among us, harangued our returned British war veterans and their friends in a tirade against all Catholics in general, and Irish Catholics in particular. He accused us of protracting the war by our subterfuges, of subverting the armed forces of the country, of everything from secret mayhem to open treason in the cause of Germany. The Pope had been out to gain Ireland as a temporal possession and then — from Ireland — planned to conquer America, so he alleged. "No Catholic of any race, and most particularly the Irish," was his emphatic pronunciamento, "has ever been, or can ever be, an American."

The speech was reported in full next day in *The Post*. The city was aghast, and astounded. In Millington that sort of crazed intolerance was unbelievable. Nor — I hurry to add — were any of our people more upset by this flaunting of bigotry than the British Veterans and Boadiceans. Among them, in large numbers and good standing, were the Sidebothams, the Lightfoots, the Higginbothams, of sturdy Lancashire stock, who had never swerved in their loyalty to the Old Religion; and if the Adsheads, the Shakeshafts and the Hindles were church and chapel folk, still they had always lived on terms of close affection and true neighborliness with their Catholic friends.

The city was shocked at the man's wanton expression of his bigotry; but much too shaken by the happening to laugh at the absurdity of his charges. That was why Johnnie Donovan's letter in the next evening's *Post* attracted so much attention and was so widely read. For before any of our city's great had a chance to collect their shocked wits and give answer to the clergyman, Johnnie Donovan had made ardent, fiery response.

I cannot tell you now just what Johnnie wrote in his letter, although I have heard the Pope's Johnny declaim ringing phrases of it often enough from the worn clipping he carried for years in his wallet; but it was — everyone agreed — a truly powerful answer,

ringing in irony, thundering in sarcasm. As the Pope's Johnny was wont to say proudly, it knocked every single leg the man had to stand on right out from under him.

It pointed out, I do recall, that Benedict Arnold was neither Irish nor Catholic, nor was Simon Girty, but that Charles Carroll of Carrollton was, and Chief Justice White. Governor Dongan of New York was in the letter, and Lord Baltimore, and Meagher of the Sword; General Phil Sheridan and Admiral Benson, and our own Millington hero, the only Medal of Honor man in the city's history, Irish and Catholic Matthew McLoughlin, who had cut the cables at Cienfuegos in the War with Spain. The most recalcitrant Orangeman, once he had read John Donovan's letter, could not help but be convinced that unless you were Catholic and Irish, you were no true American at all.

The letter created as much of a sensation as the speech it answered. It was what everyone wanted said, but had not thought, themselves, to say. Johnnie Donovan was by way of being a hero in his own right. But his own joy in the combat of wits was tempered by his mother's gentle worry lest his ardor for his Faith and the race of his fathers cost him his job.

Even that mild concern quickly passed, for in the next mail came a letter from Brendan O'Neary—

impressed in spite of himself by Johnnie's command of language and very evident writing ability — offering the long-sought position on the city staff of *The Post*. And at work that very same day Johnnie had earlier learned, and was heartsick about it, that the shipyard, having filled its last orders, was to be permanently closed down.

"A-a-a-ah," breathed the Pope's Johnny Sullivan in a long-drawn sigh of happy satisfaction to Dinnie Shea, when John Donovan had run to him with the good news. "What did I tell you, Dinnie my bucko? Them's true words in the Vespers. The high and mighty are made to come down off their perch, and the true man is pushed on ahead. They thought they could give old Johnny Sullivan the run-around, and shout curses of blasphemy at him. But Saint Anthony and me, we fooled them. It was him gave me the idea to say all my prayers — to God under His Most Holy Name."

ANGELUS DOMINI NUNTIAVIT

IT WAS the Pope's Johnny Sullivan's anniversary. We had all been to the requiem that we have sung for him each year, and after Mass had gathered in Angels' Fold to talk of him and of "the days that are gone, boys, gone." The morning was bright and fair, and although there was a trace of what we call a "mackerel sky" in the west, and Ned Meehan said that he felt in his rheumatism that we were due for a bit of rain, it was pleasant enough to sit in the Fold and congratulate ourselves that the backbone of winter seemed broken at last.

The Mass was at nine. At noon we were still sitting, smoking and talking, when the Gabriel bell in the steeple above us began the triple rings of the Angelus. In the seclusion of Angels' Fold, away from curious and irreverent eyes, we may practise our religion as we wish. The old pastor often came there to read his breviary, sitting apart from us until his Office was finished, then joining in our discussions. Nor is it unusual in the long silences that often come to men near the end of the road whose talk

is almost done, for someone or other — Larry O'Toole or James Kielty — to begin the rosary aloud, breaking the quiet. We others then, without question, as though we have been merely waiting, join at once in the responses.

So now, at the first clang of the Gabriel bell, Larry O'Toole began, "The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary . . ." ; and we all kneeled with him and recited the three Hail Marys. As we arose from our kneeling and sat down again on the benches, we were all very still. It was Larry's voice again that broke the silence.

"In course," he said slowly, "just like yourselves, it was Johnny Sullivan I was thinking of then. There's never a time I hear the ring of that bell, but it puts me in mind of him. This morning now, at Mass, for instance. When the tower bell joined in with the sound of the altar chimes at the Elevation, the thought come home to me strongly how there'd be many a one in the Old Parish, not able to get out to the Mass, would be hearing the great bell ring, and would kneel down then — wherever they were — to offer their own little prayer for the repose of John Sullivan's soul.

"Never mind your monuments," continued Larry more strongly, "your bronze busts and your tablets and the like of that. For an ordinary sort of a hero they might do very well. But for a man like Johnny

Sullivan . . . I tell you that bell above us is the finest monument a man like the Pope's Johnny ever could have."

"And a truer word you never spoke," murmured Dinnie Shea.

"A-a-ah, that's no lie, indeed, but the very Gospel," agreed old Ned Meehan. Shamus Kielty gave a long-drawn sigh.

"When it tolls for the dead on nights in November," he said dolorously, "is when it strikes home to me most. My heart is near broke then, thinking of Johnny, and the way we all miss him."

"Musha, Shamus, would you have us all bawling like a lot of old women?" Larry answered him sharply, but with a trace of a quaver in his voice. "Leave off that kind of talk! I don't like it; and what's more, Johnny Sullivan wouldn't like it. He'd be disgusted with the lot of us for fair, if he heard us talking like that. Little sense he'd think we had, and little reverence for the Faith, to be sitting here moping over his going — when we should be tickled to death, and thanking our stars, that he got to where we all hope to land — God help us! — well enough ahead to be able to put in a good word for us.

"It's your long fast, Shamus, is putting gloomy ideas into your head. Indeed, it's high time for all of us to be streeling home, or we'll be missing dinner as well as breakfast. But when you show up this

after, don't come with long faces. Let all of you look to it. Johnny Sullivan wouldn't like it, and you know it. Small respect you'd be paying the memory of a man who always was ready with a quip or a joke; who'd want us to think of him that way . . . not with faces as long as Lent, as yours is now, James Kielty."

When we did return to Angels' Fold in the afternoon, we all were feeling gayer and livelier. A good meal to break our communion fast, and Larry's salutary scolding, had done the trick. With none of our sadness of the morning, but rather with joy and pride in the knowing of such a man, we talked on and on of the greatness that was the Pope's Johnny Sullivan's.

It was inevitable, of course, that we mentioned the Gabriel bell again in our talk, for no single material thing in the Old Parish is so closely linked with the Pope's Johnny. It is truly, we all feel, his monument.

It is an historic bell. The old pastor, I know, had records to show that it was cast, in his foundry in Boston, by no less a man than Paul Revere; 1810 was, I believe, the year. For whom it was originally cast, the records do not show. It may have been intended as a gift for the saintly Bishop Cheverus, friend of Hancock and of Copley. One story has it that Revere himself was at heart a Catholic, in much closer sympathy with those ancestors of his who were

of the Faith than with the dour Puritanism still about him when the War of the Revolution was over. However that may be, the bell bears, just as it was cast in the mold, the raised outline of a cross, and beneath the cross the two words, *Ave Maria.*

The bell must have had many vicissitudes before it came to rest and ring in our own steeple, blessed by our Bishop, who sacrificed and consecrated it then to the cause for which it would seem to have been intended, God and our holy Faith. Of its earlier history little is known ; but in the Old Parish we cherish the story of how the bell at last — as you might say — came home :

The Pope's Johnny Sullivan, in his younger days after the War, was a great fireman. His interest in fire-fighting, for that matter, continued throughout his life ; for even after the organization of permanent fire companies in the city, Johnny remained in active service as a reserve man — call man is our local phrase — attached to Hose Eight. During all the period of the horse-drawn apparatus he answered every alarm as faithfully and eagerly as any member of the permanent hose company. The motorization of the fire department, however, did away with call men. Johnny Sullivan retired then from active duty. Perhaps it was just as well, for although Johnny's zeal still burned high, he was a very old man then, and in the light of modern fire-fighting science might well

have turned out to be a bit of an obstructionist.

In his own younger days, however – the days of the red-shirted, black-helmeted volunteer companies – no fire-fighter in the city of Millington was his equal. He "ran" with the old Cascade company, and was for years its foreman ; and the old Cascaders were, acknowledgedly, the finest group of "buffs" in the whole commonwealth. Their hand-tub was always the first at any fire, no matter how far it had to be trundled. And as good as they were on the hauling ropes, the Cascaders were even better at manning the brakes of their engine, once they had reached the scene of a fire. With the Pope's Johnny's lusty voice blaring out the stroke through his foreman's trumpet, they worked in such unison and put such power into their pumping, that no other company ever topped the stream of the men of the old Cascade.

The Cascade fire-house was downtown, near the city's centre. It was a small, white clapboarded building, just large enough to house the hand-tub ; but the company's great glory was that their fire-house had a steeple, and in that steeple a bell. For years and years, the Cascade bell was the city's single fire alarm signal. Today notice of a fire is flashed by teletype from department headquarters to the various fire stations. Until you hear the chugging and puffing of the engines, and the wail of their automobile sirens, you are not aware that any alarm has

been sounded. In the years following the Civil War, however, and on up to the turn of the century, the clang of the Cascade bell pealing out over the city was Millington's tocsin alarum. Every house-holder, as soon as the warning clang was heard, stopped all work or play at once, to count its strokes and determine the proximity of the fire.

Once a permanent fire department was inaugurated in Millington, with horse-drawn engines, the volunteers, of course, went out of active service. Most of the companies disbanded, selling their hand-tubs, their ladders and leather buckets to the small farm communities that bordered the city. Not so the Cascade company, however ; their pride in their engine and in their own fire-fighting prowess, was too great for them even to think of such a thing. The men of the Cascade company remained together. Johnny Sullivan and several others, it is true, joined the active department as call men, but they kept, and prized, their membership in the old volunteer company for all that. You see, in those first few years the Cascade "buffs" were positive that the new-fangled horse-drawn apparatus would never prove satisfactory. At almost any moment they felt the volunteers would again come into their own.

That was not to be, and the years passed. The Cascaders were forced to recognize at last that their system of fire-fighting was long antedated. It was

then that they joined with other volunteer companies throughout the commonwealth in forming a Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association. The association was a great success, for like all veterans' groups, it served to knit closely together men whose interests and enthusiasms were the same. With the fostering of that kinship of spirit arose the custom of holding an old time Firemen's Muster each year, under the sponsorship of the association.

The musters were gala festival days, not only for the veterans but for the people of the community chosen in yearly turn to be host to them. Muster day opened in the morning with a parade of the hand-tubs, each one decorated with all the ingenuity that the men of its company could encompass: some banked high with flowers; others a mass of gaily rigged flags and bunting; but one and all with their paintwork glowing, their brasses shining and their leather buckets varnished like mirrors.

Then, in the afternoon, the hand-tubs, stripped now to fighting trim, would be wheeled out in turn on the chosen muster field to compete for the grand trophy awarded the company pumping the longest stream. It was rare excitement to witness the old engines in action, and the men of the Cascade, or of the Red Jacket from Cambridge, or the Hydraulion No. 2 from Bradford, vying with each other in so

vigorously manning the long handbrakes that their tub would outsquirt all the others.

Needless to say, it was a matter of great civic pride to us, with the Pope's Johnny Sullivan as foreman, our own Cascade company again and again won the prized trophy. Few men could call a stroke for his brakemen as rhythmically as Johnny, as shrewdly and easily at first, gauging their strength ; and then, as the pump handles shot up and down, arouse them to such a fighting pitch that the stream fairly hurled itself through the air.

Time, however, soon took its toll of the veterans. As the years passed there were barely enough able-bodied men left in the Cascade ranks to man the brakes of the engine for the squirts ; and, to conserve the veterans' strength for the trials, younger men were called upon to draw the hand-tub by its long ropes in the morning parades. Finally, in sad and solemn meeting, the men of the Cascade company decided the time had come to disband ; the inevitable day could be put off no longer. The Muster that summer was to be held in Millington. The Cascaders voted to make one last try for the trophy ; and then, farewell. The city authorities wanted the site of the fire-house for a new post office ; the Millington Historical Society was eager to have the hand-tub. The old volunteers were agreed that they could hold

out against the pressure of the civic authorities no longer.

But if they could only win the trophy just once more — for this one last time — and retire on their laurels: this was every man's deep-seated hope and prayer. Nor did anyone hope so ardently, nor pray more vigorously, than the foreman of the company, John Sullivan. His heart was set on making this last try a victory. For weeks before the Muster he watched over his men as if they were little children. He *had* to win that contest! If a Cascade volunteer so much as sneezed in his presence, he took instant flight for a doctor. He walked down street every night to see that none of them were staying out late and wasting their strength. He coaxed them and he scolded them. He had but one idea in his head in regard to them. They must be able, they must be fit; they *must* win the competition.

But the loss of strength that comes with age was too much even for the Pope's Johnny Sullivan. Muster day arrived, and in the morning parade the old Cascade hand-tub made a brave showing. It glittered like the sun, and the moon, and all the stars, for the work of love had been freely lavished upon it.

The competition in the afternoon told another story. In the first of the trial squirts, although the old men worked the brakes as hard as they could, and the Pope's Johnny Sullivan beat out the stroke for

them with his silver trumpet in a great frenzy of enthusiasm, the Cascade stream fell far behind the field. In the second trial, the same thing happened. Johnny pleaded, and exhorted, and raved to the men; the old fellows tried hard to respond to his pleadings; but still the stream fell far short of any worthy mark.

The third trial squirt came; and, to everyone's horror, Johnny Sullivan found that his voice had left him. In the first two trials he had, in his furious excitement, strained it so severely that now he could not even whisper. He stood aboard the engine a few moments longer, shaking his head helplessly; then at last, bending over to Simon Moran he handed Simon his silver trumpet, and slowly clambered down from his post of authority. Simon Moran stroked that squirt, but Simon had not Johnny's gift of leadership, and the old men now were really tired. The stream was shorter than before.

The Pope's Johnny had disappeared into the crowds after he had given up his trumpet to Simon. Because of his bad knee — where an Antietam bullet still lodged — he could not even be of use at the handbrakes. He could do nothing now to help the old Cascade. We let him pass through the crowd silently; we knew that he was leaving the field to be alone with his heartbreak. Bitter as was everyone's chagrin that the Cascade engine was doing so badly,

it was of the Pope's Johnny's disappointment alone that we spoke. Poor Johnny Sullivan! After all his efforts — to have a thing like this happen to him! It was really too bad — yes, it was really!

We took but a lackadaisical interest in the final squirts, although those alone were the ones that counted for the trophy. The Defiance tub pumped a 200-foot stream; then the Red Jacket of Cambridge was wheeled into place, and her stream bested the Defiance mark by a full five feet. Our own best mark in the trials had been but one hundred and fifty. Many of us started to leave the field as the old Cascade engine was trundled up to make her final try. We could not bear to see the old men work so hard, and then fall so far behind when their stream was shot and measured. Poor Johnny Sullivan! It was just as well he was not here to see.

Simon Moran mounted the tub and raised the trumpet high to signal the first downward stroke of the brakes. The old men bravely enough seized hold of the brake handles. Down went the trumpet, up rose Simon's shrill voice; and down plunged the brakes. As they did, off in the distance — but loud and clear and imperative — came the sharp clang of a bell. Up the men came with the brake handles; and again the bell, sharply timed, rang imperiously.

Down went the brakes — clang went the bell. Clang — UP; clang — DOWN! The bell and the

stroke were beating together. But now it seemed, to us standing by, that the bell was not ringing to Simon's stroking; but that Simon Moran was stroking the tub to the rhythm of the bell. As we watched eagerly, the old men seemed to us to be bending to the brakes with new spirit.

Clang – DOWN; clang – Up! The bell was ringing faster and faster; and the men at the brakes were responding to it. They were like men possessed. No other company on the field had displayed such energy as the Cascaders were showing now. Up, down; up, down; clang, clang, *clang!* The old men's backs were swaying now in the perfect unison that was theirs in the days of their greatest victories.

The bell gave one sudden last defiant *clang!* Simon Moran, on the instant, threw his trumpet into the air. "Let GO-O-O!" he roared; and far out onto the field shot the silver stream from the Cascade hose nozzle. The judges ran with their measuring tapes; one of them, examining the mark, threw his hat in the air, and started to shout. The crowd broke through the ropes and dashed onto the field. *Two hundred and twenty feet!* The old Cascade had won the trophy.

As we crowded about the old men, we soon learned that it was indeed the ringing of the bell that had stroked the tub to victory. It was the bell on the

Cascade steeple that we had heard. The mystery of the ringing was not yet fully explained ; but everyone at the Muster knew without question that the hand of Johnny Sullivan was on that bell.

So it was, of course. Johnny had left the field because he could not bear to see the old Cascade go down in defeat. He struggled home wearily, only to find when he had reached his doorstep that he could not bear, either, not seeing his old team-mates make one last gallant try. He compromised. He secured his spy glass, and — for all his bad knee — climbed the ladder at the fire-house to the little platform in the belfry steeple. The steeple overlooked the playing field. At one and the same time he could watch the trial and be alone in his bitterness. It was up in the steeple, as the Cascade tub was wheeled into final play, that the answer came to his broken prayers. He would stroke the men of the Cascade with their own beloved bell. He knew they would recognize its tongue, and give answer to its summons. Stroke it he did, his glass to his eye. The rest is history.

That Cascade bell is now our Gabriel bell. When the company disbanded and the fire-house was dismantled, needless to say the Pope's Johnny was presented with the bell ; and he in turn, with the good will of the Cascade company — Yankee Protestants though most of the veterans were — presented it to the old pastor.

It was an especial joy to Johnny's heart that a Gabriel bell should ring at last in the Old Parish, and that he should be the cause of its ringing. Johnny Sullivan, you see, was born on Lady Day, and in token of that he bore the middle name, Gabriel. And the bell, moreover, in its ringing brought memories ever to him of Rome in the days of his friend, the ninth and saintly Pius.

Once the bell was blessed by the old bishop and raised to its place in our church steeple, it was Johnny himself who insisted upon taking charge of its ringing. The old pastor was afraid that Johnny was attempting too much at his age, that the task was too arduous ; but Johnny insisted stoutly that, indeed, he was well and strong enough for that little effort in God's service. So whether the bell rang joyously for a wedding or tolled dolorously for a funeral ; when we heard it sound the daily threefold peals of the Angelus or the nightly *Memento Mori* in November, we knew always that Johnny Sullivan's own hand was on the bell rope. It was with an hour of joyous ringing that the Old Parish was waked early one November morning as Johnny sent the news of the Armistice broadcast, and it was the peal of the Gabriel bell that led our rejoicing.

Several years later on Lady Day, at noon, an odd thing happened. As we bent our heads for the Angelic Salutation we heard the Gabriel bell con-

tinue ringing — long past the customary nine peals. The strokes, too, were very slow and measured. We blessed ourselves when we heard the bell toll so oddly; and said an added little prayer, for we were sure the bell was telling us of some soul's passing.

The mournful tolling that Lady Day noon frightened the new pastor. He had heard of no deaths in the parish, and it was he who always gave the word to Johnny that the bell should be tolled. The new pastor was so disturbed, indeed, that he left the dinner table and hurried from the rectory to the church to ask Johnny the cause of the strange tolling. He had, half consciously, counted the strokes — now seventy — now eighty strokes, the bell was telling. At eighty-nine the tolling stopped. The last knell was still reverberating in the bellroom as the new pastor threw open the door. The bellrope was still wavering; and on the bellroom floor lay the Pope's Johnny Sullivan — dead.

Dr. John Fallon, whom the new pastor summoned at once, told him that Johnny had been dead for some time. That was nonsense, of course. The very ringing of the bell disproved that. The new pastor was just outside the door when the last knell sounded. If Johnny had been dead some time, who rang the bell? We wonder — we wonder sometimes in the Old Parish — if other than human hands had had the ringing of that bell. We say to ourselves, could it

be that She, to whom the will of God was made known by the message of an angel, had sent — on Lady Day — the great Archangel whose name our John bore to announce to us that God was calling the soul of John Gabriel Sullivan. You see, he was eighty-nine that very day.